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THE BYSTANDER
November 23, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

Stage : Films : Ballet : Sport : Society

"Old Bill"—by Bruce Bairnsfather

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 23—November 29

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—H. K. Ayliff produces, as at Malvern, Shaw's newest play, with Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.30.

GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN.—Maurice Colbourne produces A. A. Milne's new comedy in which Barry K. Barnes leads as a traveller in stockings: St. James's, 8.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.—Anthony Quayle, Hermione Hannen, Valerie Tudor in Lewis Casson's production of Shaw's play (excluding Hell scene): Old Vic, 8.0.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE ROBUST INVALID.—First of Maurice Sachs' Anglo French season is Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* anglicised: Apollo, 8.40. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, 8.15, Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT.—Richard Bird and Vivienne Bennett lead in a good murder play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sidney and Margaretta Scott lead in a historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill. Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

George Braund

This sly magician was one of the best turns at the recent banquet of the Advertising Association, presided over by Lord Southwood

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 112.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge return to musical comedy, with Leonora Corbett: Palace, Thurs., 24th.

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE (French) and ZAUBER DER BOHÈME (Austrian).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers; and Kiepura and Eggerth in Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (American).—Edward G. Robinson plays the name-part: Warner.

LE BONHEUR (French).—Charles Boyer is teamed with Gaby Morlay in Henri Bernstein's most famous play-made-film: Curzon.

THE CITADEL (British).—Cronin's best-seller makes a film, with Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the young doctor and his wife: Regal.

FREE TO LIVE (American).—La Hepburn is again a poor little rich girl, who pinches her sister's fiancé, Cary Grant: Regal.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One (from Friday).

MEN WITH WINGS (American).—An enthralling history of flying made personal, with Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell: Carlton.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

STRANDED IN PARIS (American).—Joan Bennett and Jack Benny lead in a tale of innocents abroad: Plaza.

THERE GOES MY HEART (American).—Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, in a crazy pot-boiler: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

Premiere

SUEZ (American).—The story of the difficulties and their overcoming in making the canal; spectacular setting for Tyrone Power as de Lesseps, Annabella and Loretta Young; premiere in aid of Chelsea Hospital for Women: New Gallery, Fri., 25th.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

RIGOLETTO.—To-night, 23rd, 8.

LORD OF BURLEIGH, APPARITIONS, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 24th, 8.30.

CARMEN.—Fri., 25th, 8.

GISELLE, FAÇADE.—Sat., 26th, 2.30.

DON GIOVANNI.—Sat., 26th, 7.45.

EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, HOROSCOPE, CASSE-NOISETTE (III.).—Tues., 29th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

ADVERTISING SOCIETY FESTIVAL.—Paul Robeson, Lawrence Brown, Joan Hammond, Vronsky and Babin take part: Connaught Rooms, to-night, 23rd, 7.

ELENA GERHARDT.—A Schumann-Brahms recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 23rd, 8.30.

POUISHNOFF.—A Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 25th, 8.30.

SCHNABEL.—A recital of sonatas by Schubert, Weber, Beethoven: Queen's Hall, Sat., 26th, 3.

JOHN MCCORMACK.—His last public concert: Albert Hall, Sun., 27th, 3.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts in Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture, Mozart's piano concerto K.488 (Backhaus), Mahler's "Song of the Earth" (Jarred and Widdop): Queen's Hall, to-night, 23rd, 8.15.

ELIJAH.—The Royal Choral Society under Boult, and five soloists: Albert Hall, Sat., 26th, 2.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beethoven's 3rd "Lenore" overture, Mendelssohn's 4th symphony, Brahms' 2nd: Covent Garden, 27th, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Busch conducts in Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's 8th symphony, Brahms' 2nd Queen's Hall, Mon., 28th, 8.15.

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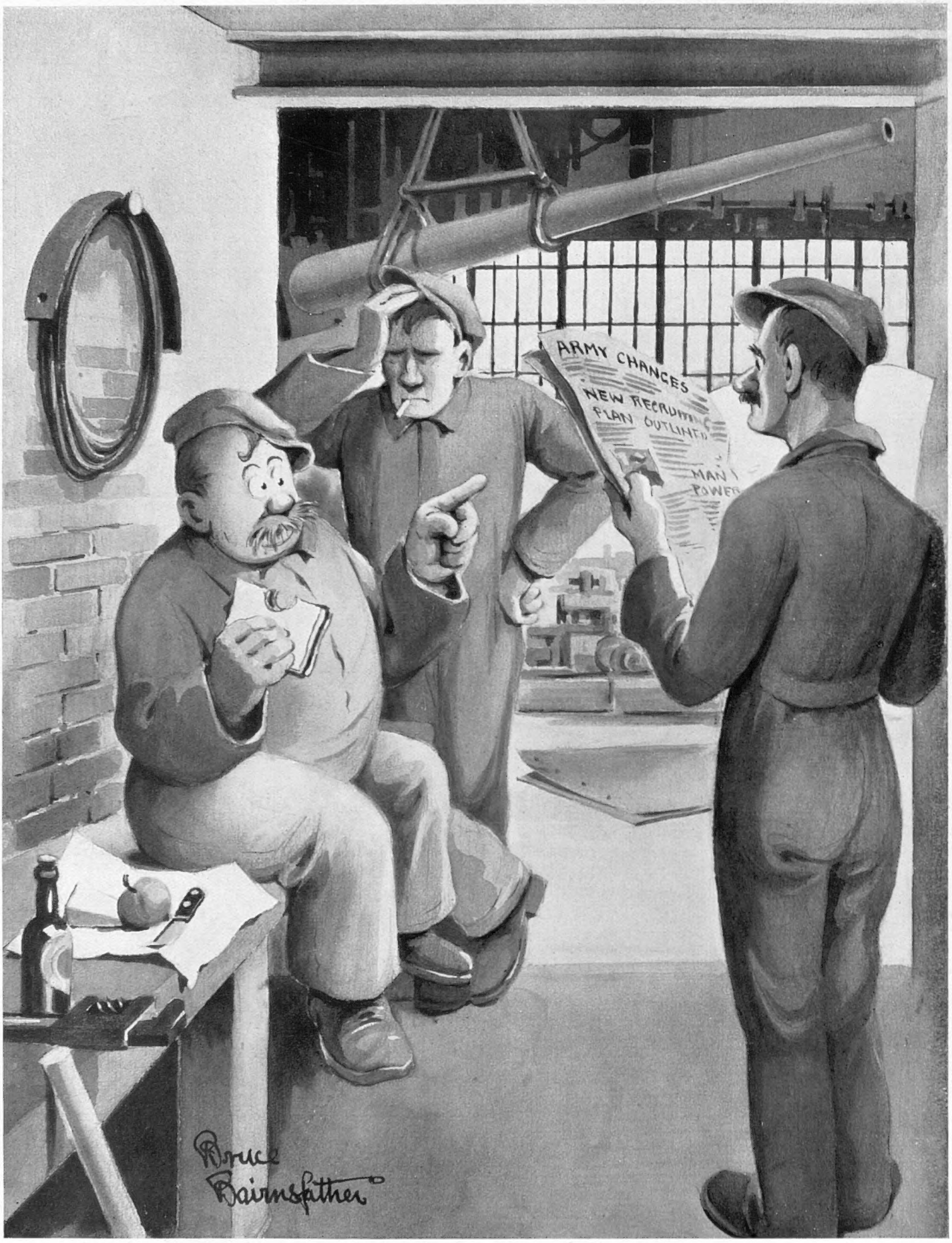
The Bystander

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Madame Geneviève Tabouis—a Great Journalist

No woman is more widely quoted than this small, pale, grey-haired Frenchwoman, who is chief diplomatic writer of *L'Œuvre*. Her authoritative sometimes sensational, opinions, shrewd and accurate prognostications are internationally reprinted, and in her own country she is known as "the woman who is always right." A niece of Paul and Jules Cambon and cousin of M. Corbin, present French Ambassador here, she was brought up in a politico-journalistic atmosphere. But her first interest and work when she was sixteen was connected with the Semitic and Egyptian antiques in the Louvre. Ten years later the foundation of the League of Nations altered her mental focus to the present, and in 1924 she became a journalist—League correspondent for *La Petite Gironde* and later for *Le Petit Marseillais*. In 1932 she joined the staff of *L'Œuvre*. Her Penguin Special, *Blackmail or War*, published last February, is now in its fourth edition. Her Life of her uncle, Jules Cambon, was published in England in April. About the same time she began her weekly articles for the *Sunday Referee*. Two weeks ago she came to London to speak at the *Sunday Times* Book Fair. She is forty-four, married to a French business man, and has two children

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather



"I don't believe in Compulsory Service, yer know, mate. All I sez is, everyone should be made to serve of their own free will"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LET us hope that President Roosevelt's action in recalling his Ambassador from Berlin to give him first-hand information will be followed very quickly by a wide inter-Governmental scheme for finding some sanctuary for the Jews. The strain on private relief has become far too great, and nothing short of international action will do any good now.

THE Anglo-Italian Agreement has been ratified, and we have now recognised King Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy and Emperor of Abyssinia, and the Prime Minister has accepted the situation in Spain as "a settlement." Fighting continues violently on the Ebro, and there can be little doubt that the war will not be over this year. But officially there is a settlement in Spain.

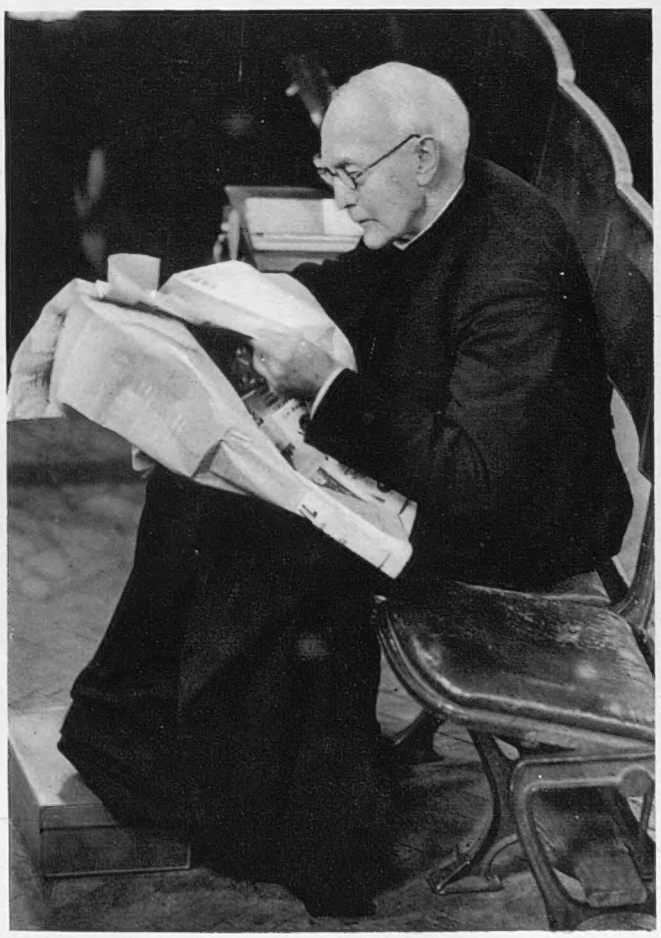
MR. WALTER ELLIOT, in announcing that the Government was going to allot money for buying radium for the National Radium Trust in the anti-cancer campaign, managed to get a typical Scottish bit of dry humour into a grim subject. "The active life of radium," he said, "is about two thousand five hundred years, and so I was able to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer that it is quite good security for a small loan from the Treasury." Incidentally, the Minister of Health denied that there was any truth in the story that the Government, in order to pay for rearmament, intended to cut down expenditure on social services.

THE Prison Reform Bill is one of the best pieces of social progress that have appeared for years. The new methods of treating young offenders are especially good. Sir Samuel Hoare seems to me to be a great deal better on the social side of government than he is upon foreign affairs.

THE Trade Treaty with the United States is of enormous importance industrially, economically, and, most important of all, morally. It had been an open secret for months that the American motor trade was putting the strongest pressure on both Governments to include a rebate on the tariff on American cars into England. The Treaty does not include this rebate, and therefore it must be regarded as a victory for both Governments over an enormously strong industrial unit. In other

The Goossens Return to Cincinnati

Eugene Goossens returned with his wife last week to his job as conductor of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Orchestra, after a visit to England, during which he conducted for the opera season and at several concerts. His (second) wife was Janet Lewis before her marriage; they have one daughter



The C. of E. at Methodist Headquarters

The Church Assembly met last week at the Central Hall, Westminster, the headquarters of British Methodism, when this picture of the Bishop of London was taken. Dr. Ingram presented the report of the Social and Economical Commission to their Reverences

Church, Nobility, Legislature: one of Last Week's Groups

His Grace of Canterbury, the Most Noble Marquess of Londonderry and the Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha arrived together at the Roumanian Legation for the banquet. The Cabinet Minister, a linguist, sat at table between two Roumanians, but the churchman and nobleman were surrounded by countrymen

Monsieur Corbin, representing the President of the French Republic

Doktor von Dircksen, representing the head of the Greater German Reich

Count Grandi, representing Victor Emmanuel of Italy and Ethiopia

M. Basil Grigorcea, the Roumanian Minister, and his military attaché

Formal Dress Was Laid Out for all the Diplomats Last Week

words, the sectional interest of one industry has not been allowed to over-rule the principle of friendship between the two English-speaking countries. The reduction of duty on American silk stockings is interesting. When I was in New York I was astonished at the quality and the cheapness of American stockings, and I always wondered why they cost so much more over here.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, the lively, red-haired member for Jarrow, is extremely annoyed about the appointment of officers in the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service. "Sixty county commandants have been appointed," says Miss Wilkinson, "and of these twenty-six are titled ladies, and most of the rest are what you might call 'society'." She thinks that there ought to be a broader basis for handing out commissions in this service. And when Lady Astor, in the House of Commons, asked her if she was trying to induce Labour women to join the W.A.T.S., Miss Wilkinson retorted sharply, "Not while they are in the hands of a social set like yours." Lady Astor must be getting a little tired of hearing that word "set," but she made a big mistake when she asked Sir Stafford Cripps to withdraw it the other day. The learned gentleman at once withdrew it and substituted the word "gang."

SIR JOHN SIMON, that master of lucid and clear English grammar, slipped up badly in his message to the Conservative candidate at the Bridgwater by-election. The Chancellor's letter began: "Dear Mr. Heathcoat-Amory,—As candidate for the Bridgwater division I send you my best wishes."

THE Walsall by-election was definitely a leg-up for the Government, although the majority was down by two thousand. Labour had—or ought to have had—a very definite chance of winning the seat. It was an industrial constituency which not so long ago returned a Socialist. But the Government has received a devastating blow at Bridgwater. Mr. Vernon Bartlett stood upon a complete anti-Government programme on foreign affairs and he has won a smashing victory.

MISS UNITY MITFORD spoke at a debate in Kensington the other day against the motion of Vice-Admiral Usborne that "while National Socialism has been advantageous to Germany, it represents a danger to world peace." The audience was obviously enchanted with Miss Mitford, because it laughed continuously throughout her speech. It then voted against her almost unanimously.

DONALD BUDGE, the famous American lawn-tennis player, has turned professional and has joined Tilden, Cochet, Vines, and Perry in the paid ranks. Surely this will at last make the Wimbledon authorities sit up and do something about the professionals in lawn-tennis. It is ludicrous that there is not an open championship in which amateurs and professionals alike could compete. What is good enough for cricket, golf, soccer, rackets, squash rackets and royal tennis is good enough for "patters." The prestige of Wimbledon is going steadily down, and in a year or two, if professionals are not allowed to compete, the box office will go down too.

Rugby football, of course, does not admit the mixing of amateurs and professionals, but then those in authority in Rugby football have always been a bit queer. Indeed, the whole game is a bit queer to my mind. A spectator at a first-class Rugger match the other day took the trouble to measure the amount of time during the match in which the ball was in play. He found that the ball was actually in play for thirty minutes and out of play for fifty.

FOR the second time within a few weeks a golfer in Ireland has been struck on the head by a golf-ball propelled by another player. The first one got substantial damages. The second has been less fortunate, and his case has been dismissed. One of his complaints was that the other player did not exercise due care in preventing a slice. This is surely one of the most comic ideas on record. As if every golfer, from the earliest days of the game, did not exercise the most laborious care in trying not to slice! I fancy the judge and jury who dismissed the case must have been golfers.

AN illustrated contemporary of ours has published an interesting and informative article on the Café Royal. It contains this sentence: "To-day the suburban visitor, before he catches his last bus home, may be rewarded with a glimpse of Epstein or A. P. Herbert." I don't quite understand that word "rewarded."

Crown Prince Michael *wore his uniform of the Roumanian Chasseurs Alpins to Guildhall*

King Carol *arrived in his uniform as Admiral of the Roumanian Navy of thirty vessels, with the white cloak of St. Michael the Brave. King George welcomed him in Field Marshal's uniform*

The State Visit of King Carol of Roumania

At Guildhall *the royal visitors were entertained by the City to a luncheon which included the traditional civic dishes of turtle soup and a baron of beef. Here the Lord Mayor and his guests listen to the address of welcome read by the Recorder, Mr. Gerald Dodson.* ***More pictures of the visit overleaf***

The State Visit of King Carol

Queen Mary *attended the banquet given by King Carol to our King and Queen and their court at the Roumanian Legation. Fifty-seven guests house-warmed M. Grigorcea's new headquarters in Belgrave Square*

Crown Prince Michael *sat next the Prime Minister at the Guildhall banquet, drank nothing but lemonade, listened politely to Mr. Chamberlain's almost continuous talk. Among his fifteen medals is the newly acquired G.C.V.O.*

THIS month is notable for seeing four foreign rulers in London. Three of them coincided last week—Roumania, Greece and Norway; the fourth arrived on Monday—Paul of Yugoslavia. The most important, because the only State visit, was Roumania's, which provided much pageantry last week. The political significance of King Carol's visit is mentioned on page 293, in a three-page feature about some of his subjects. From the visual point of view, two things stood out: His Majesty's noble white cloak against last week's fogs; and the serious, thoughtful bearing of Roumania's future ruler, Prince Michael. Otherwise, the royal visit ran true to type: banquets, receptions, a City luncheon, a legation dinner. "No time," as Prince Michael said when he saw the programme, "to buy a pencil"

The Princess Royal *was one of King Carol's guests at his Legation. She sat next to Prince Michael*

The Duchess of Kent *had only to go next door to the banquet in the Roumanian Legation*

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester *were present at King Carol's banquet in Belgrave Square, whither Roumanian caviare (inferior to Russian) was specially sent by aeroplane*

The Queen *took the opportunity of King Carol's visit to introduce the crinoline to Buckingham Palace; first a Pompadour motif in lace and tulle, second satin and pearls (here)*

Talking About Dancing at a Meeting for a Matinée

Nina Tarakanova and Marie Rambert were at the meeting at Captain Beddington Behrens' house for the Matinée of Ballet on November 29th at the Cambridge Theatre, for the Institute of Child Psychology. Tarakanova, who was with Massine's ballet company until they left for America, is Mrs. Gray Shaw. Marie Rambert, who runs the Ballet Club, is Mrs. Ashley Dukes. Both are contributing to the Matinée

Talking About Pictures at an Exhibition Opening

Mrs. Ala Story and Mr. and Mrs. James Gunn were at the party given by Lady Napier to celebrate the opening of the Stafford Gallery. Mrs. Story manages the Gallery where Count Uberto Pallastrelli di Cellerini's pictures are now being shown. She also started the Storran Gallery. Mrs. James Gunn was the subject of her husband's most talked-of picture in the Academy this year

News Reel

Duchess at a Tea Party

The Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Norman Railing, and Douglas Byng were at Lady McGowan's tea-party for the Ivory Cross Ball. The Duchess took a party to the Ball, Mrs. Railing organised it, Mr. Byng ran the monster cabaret

The Duchess of Gloucester made her first public appearance after her return from Kenya at the Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exhibition. Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, of "Banana Ridge," showed her that suitcase at the stall of Papworth Industries, of which the Duke of Gloucester is president

Skater in Action

Mia Macklin's arabesque was part of a morning's practice at the Queen's Ice Club. Cecilia Colledge (below) sat among the empty seats and watched some of her rivals doing much the same sort of thing at Wembley. The skating championships are only three weeks away, so all the London rinks are full of stars swooping and turning

Royal Duchess at an Exhibition

Skater in a Brown Study

Unaccustomed as They Are—to Pavement Cleaning—

Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Health, climbed into the seat of this patent pavement cleaner for the photographers at the Agricultural Hall. He had opened the Public Health Services Engineering and Equipment Exhibition, which is full of A.R.P. suggestions

—And Double Bass Playing

Tennis player Mary Hardwick took the double bass in a band with four of her fellow competitors in the Torquay tournament—Valerie Scott, piano, Nina Brown, accordion, Mrs. Hammersley, saxophone, Betty Nuthall, conductor. They deputised during the dance orchestra's rest interval one evening. *See also page 316*

Actress at a Sherry Party

Below is Diana Wynyard at a big dress show last week. And above is Olga Lindo at Mrs. Warren Pearl's sherry party for the United Charities Christmas Fair, which took place last Monday. She is acting in "Banana Ridge" at present

Actress at Dress Show

Doing What They Like—Walking—

Kerensky, who briefly ruled Russia between the Tsar's abdication and Lenin's seizure of power, has been staying at Sutton Poyntz, near Weymouth. "There is nothing I enjoy so much as a walk in the country," he said when he was photographed. And he takes enormous walks in spite of his lameness. He lives in France

Below is the Foreign Secretary at a meet of the Exmoor, of which the Hon. Peter Wood is the new joint-Master. Standing between Lord Halifax and his son is Lord Poltimore, who lives at Court Hall, North Molton. Lord Halifax has only this season given up his joint-Mastership of the Middleton

—And Hunting: Lord Halifax in Devon

For Charity

Selling Coathangers for the Ulster Ladies' Work Society

Miss Teresa Jungman, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Lady Cooke-Collis were saleswomen at the sale of work held by Lady Dufferin and Ava in her house in Hans Crescent for the Ulster Ladies' Work Association. Lady Cooke-Collis's husband is the Ulster Agent in London. Lady Veronica Hornby is Lord Dufferin's sister

Talking about a Market for a Children's Hospital

Miss Margaret Rawlings spoke at a meeting in connection with the annual Merry Market for the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. The Duchess of Roxburghe lent her Carlton House Terrace house for the meeting, and Lady Thomas also spoke. She is one of the Hospital's staunchest supporters. The Market, one of the biggest and best of its kind, is on December 7th and 8th at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Westminster

Selling Crackers for the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals

Two More Ulster Saleswomen

Lady Hamilton and Lady Castlereagh both belong to Ulster, for whose Ladies' Work Guild they were selling. Lady Hamilton's father-in-law, the Duke of Abercorn, is Governor of Northern Ireland. Lady Castlereagh's husband is County Down's M.P.

Throwing Darts for Unionism

Left: Lady Hollenden and Mrs. Robert Loyd ran a cracker-stall at the twenty-first birthday Christmas Market at the Dorchester for the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor

The Duchess of Buccleuch opened the Edinburgh University Unionist Association bazaar at the Music Hall in Edinburgh, and then played darts—four on and one off an unorthodox but much-used board

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 97

Len Harvey

It is typical of Len Harvey that he lives in Kensington. For the man who meets Eddie Phillips next week at Harringay describes fighting as "work" and frankly admits that he would be a far bigger box-office attraction if he occasionally misbehaved himself out of the ring—or in it, if it comes to that. On the other hand, it would have been impossible for a fellow who fought at the old N.S.C. in King Street, Covent Garden, to be still at the top of the tree unless he had lived a most careful life. For it was fifteen years ago that he beat young Johnny Brown, being second on the bill at the old N.S.C. in 1923. He was, however, only sixteen at the time, having been born on July 7, 1907, at Polhilsa, near Stoke Climsland, in the Duchy of Cornwall, the third son of a labourer in the service of the then Prince of Wales. Which makes him thirty-one, and he 'll show you his birth certificate if you 'd like to see it. When, in 1914, his father moved to the dockyards at Devonport, young Len joined his two brothers, Ginger and Ted, at the gym in Devonport, and when twelve was taken by his father to see his first fight at the Old Cosmo in Plymouth. Ben Callicott was the top-liner. Young Len thought it a very tough game. Three months later, on New Year's Day, 1920, he had his own first fight there. He was twelve and a half. His opponent was young King. He got five bob for beating him. His weight? Five stone twelve. Thus he never fought as an amateur—and, incidentally, won his first 171 fights straight off the reel. Since then his total has risen to 402, and the only fights he ever lost were those with Johnny Sullivan (he knocked him cold in the return match), Len Johnson, Marcel Thil, John Henry Lewis, Petersen (twice), Jock McAvoy, and three in the United States, making exactly ten in all. But we are going ahead too fast.

After his first fight at the N.S.C. Len returned to Plymouth, where his family had now moved, but was soon back at Covent Garden for a fight with Bill Lewis, of Bethnal Green. Having duly disposed of him, he topped the bill at Kensington Baths against Bob Humphries. He was only sixteen, but it was a fifteen-rounder, followed by a return fight of twenty rounds a few weeks later. He got £12 for each of those fights. It was after this that he decided to stay up in London and, following a handful of bouts at the Ring, Blackfriars, was taken over by Dan Sullivan. One of the first things that Dan did was to take him to a dentist to have a tooth out. Whereupon young Len started to put on weight so fast that he went from the bantams to the feathers and into the lightweight division within a year. And he was only a lightweight for a year before he trained on into a welter. This speed of growing was really rather a handicap. For he was always between weights, fighting welters at ten stone and middleweights at 10.10 and Petersen as a heavyweight at 11.12. Next week he will go into the ring at 12.8 or thereabouts, having only succeeded in reaching his weight by intensive body-building exercises. To-day Len has no manager. But he has Wally May as his admirable trainer, and you can see him any morning on Hampstead Heath and any noon at Jack Straw's Castle, which he has made his headquarters. He is immensely strong, even for a boxer. He can tear telephone-books into quarters, like packs of playing-cards. He likes cribbage and movies and golf (at which he slices instead of hooking, as you might suppose). He has been married ten years (like his first fight, the wedding was on January 1), and has a nine-year-old son who intends to be a pilot and is always asking to be allowed to do a delayed parachute jump ("He 's got far more guts than I have," says Len proudly). His height is exactly six foot. His hands are very small, but he has only broken the metacarpal bones—the knuckles and other finger-bones having escaped as lightly as his face. A few days ago Len had his first taste of promotion (he was for a brief period matchmaker to A. J. Elvin), and when he retires may go in for it in a big way. But when that day comes the cleverest boxer in the world will have taken off his red and black trunks for the last time . . .

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I want to enlist, if you please, just as a humble ensign or cornet "

PLUNGED like the rest of humanity into grief over the death of Kemal—the whole world sorrowed for the great Turk: a *Times* leader said so—we found surcease from pain in thinking of the hat of the Duchess of Atholl, which brought the citizenry of Chicago up with a jerk before reality the other day. Her Grace was lecturing on the European crisis, for which socially exciting occasion the smartest women of Chicago's beau monde rolled up (if we may use the expression) in their most elaborate hats. The Duchess herself turned out to be wearing a simple black straw. " No one could believe it," cried the *Chicago Tribune* next day, aghast. Arnold Lunn in one of the more cultivated weeklies holds that the Duchess was simultaneously right and wrong, which is a British prerogative—wrong to encourage breaking with tradition, right to indicate, " very delicately, the superior breed." And in our view it 's the kind of thing which would have sent Marcel Proust into an ecstasy, and inspired him possibly to a dozen or so pages of wiredrawn analytical discussion. His own Duchesse de Guermantes would have put an assembly of roturières in its place in just the same way; and Garbo does the same to Hollywood. That hat (we thought) is more than a subtle but annihilating gesture, it 's a matter for debate by philosophers in the Schools, involving such issues as the Feudal Concept, Free Will, Determinism and Predestination, the Morgue Britannique, Authority versus Private Judgment, Carlyle's Everlasting Yea, Nominalism v. Realism, Goethe's Concept of the Elective Affinity, the Elan Vital, the Platonic Idea of a Hat, the Categorical Imperative, and a score more. Pondering all these things, we forgot our sorrow over Ataturk and, hoping Auntie *Times* wouldn't get to hear of it, broke into clumsy song and dance.

Chill

A NOTICE in the *London Gazette*, one of our favourite light weeklies, about a meeting of creditors of a glittering West End haunt of revelry gave us a temporary chill. Thus Death's bony knock sobered antique revellers at their feasting, the rose-crowns drooping askew, the winecups spilling in palsied hands, the pallid faces agape, the songs and laughter freezing into awful silence. Gaiety (organised) and Insolvency tripping hand in hand to Carey Street have that effect on us whenever we encounter them, and very salutary that effect is, reminding the least impressionable of the hollowness of all earthly joys. We get almost the same chill when, mixing now and then with the lighter theatre boys, we get by accident into some conference where hatchet-faced men are discussing love and laughter, kisses and heartthrobs, roses and raptures in terms of Box-Office. Cigar-smoke and calculation enwrap them, their cynical faces are lined with doubt and greed, they handle and appraise the daintiest gossamer, rose-tinted fancies of authors and composer as if they were junkshop dealers in the Caledonian Market handling old iron. (We 've often wished we 'd heard the business angle of *Mary Rose* under discussion before production some years ago.) It 's a cheerless experience, yet astringent as a cold shower. You realise that glamour is as obviously an article of commerce as glue.

" I grew the creeper on it because it was frightening the poor little birds "

Ever since the Theatre began (we like to remind ourselves), hawklike, speculative faces have hovered in the shadows beyond the bright lights, checking and computing. And we bet when Shakespeare's backers had pessimistically listened to the script of *Hamlet*, they brightened up visibly towards the final curtain. Bodies, huh ? Six of 'em, huh ? Boy, that 'll fetch 'em ! The end 's box-office, anyway ! Look, Bill, whatsay you pull those first three-four acts together a bit, see, make 'em a bit more peppy, you got a swell ending, boy, then maybe we can get down to brass-tacks, see ? Wossat ? Well, Joe here thinks it 's lousy, so does Mr. Schmalz—am I right, Mr. Schmalz ? Yuh, well you just pull it together a bit and maybe when you got it right we can talk turkey. *Wossat ?* (Exit Poet, mumbling oaths.)

Hiya, Mr. P. !

NOVEMBER being still with us, we may be permitted to condole, for a change, lightly but sincerely, with the B.B.C. Having taken the novel step of acknowledging, with unprejudiced modern historians, that the Gunpowder Plot is a murky and extremely sinister enigma, with more than a suspicion of dirty work and double-crossing by Cecil and his gang, they put over a brisk bit of November the Fifth entertainment based on those lines. What they chiefly got for their trouble, so far as print shows, was a pompous letter in the Serious Press from a gentleman who objected to having Official English History interfered with, another letter objecting to the groans of Guy Fawkes under torture, and, a

week later, a dignified and final gesture from (of all people) our old idol James ("Boss") Agate, who swept the whole incident away in the *Express* with the haughty remark: "I do not hold with the modern fashion of white-washing that double-dyed villain Guy Fawkes"; a remark so exquisite in its Podsnappery that it gave us enduring pleasure.

For there are people who regard Mr. Podsnap as a figure of fun, merely an ornament of the great Dickens gallery of fantastic monsters, and deny that he either exists to-day, or exerts any influence on Modern Thought; whereas the truth is that Podsnap reigns triumphant, controlling three-quarters of the Academies, four-fifths of the Press, and nine-tenths of Literature, waving away the disagreeable or the perturbing with a large white hand, whereupon (as Mr. Wells has also noted) such things cease instantly to exist. Thus it is with the serious gentleman who was so offended with the B.B.C. for questioning Whig history. Thus it is also, it would seem, with the Boss, who has hitherto reminded us chiefly of Mr. Pickwick. We haven't felt so pleased since we met Tartarin in the flesh one day in a bistro in Arles.

Penance

LIVES of agonising dullness from cradle to grave are spent by Test cricketers, star jockeys, football and lawn-tennis aces, and other idols of the Island Race. And since sport is now the religion of the Race, it seems to us very proper that it should have its penances—or what else would you call having to read, week by week, in some Sunday paper or other, the serialised life-story of one of Britain's heroes? Whether this is obligatory on the faithful we couldn't say, but if it isn't (we thought, skimming a specimen instalment) it ought to be. Life is real, life is earnest, and every dévot should discipline himself when necessary. It may seem incredible to the casual observer that nothing even vaguely interesting could happen to a national idol in, say, twenty-five years, but this is often the actual truth. We seized eagerly on Mr. Bradman's autobiography when it came out a little time ago, hoping for a bit of romance and heartbreak and reckless Australian diablerie, waving palms and moonlight on purple seas, but nothing seemed to have happened to Mr. Bradman except a lot of cricket, alleviated from time to time by a lot more cricket. Yet, who knows, there may be chaps about to whom this is more exciting than the career of Rasputin?

Not that 90 per cent. of modern autobiographies or memoirs are much better. We read 'em avidly as they come out, whether the coy, impulsive offerings of stage stars, the lethal, hearty offerings of military or huntin'-fishin'-shootin' men, the yet more macabre lives of booksy girls, and even the memoirs of divas and musicians, which are in a special class, and afford us a masochist half-pleasure, half-pain, like an intermittently raging, aching tooth. So you can't say we don't struggle to Keep Up.

Boohoo

WILTSHIRE fans of Oliver Cromwell, whose name was Williams, are trying to save the Old George Inn at Marlborough, where their hero stayed and once sent a blacksmith to the Tower for refusing to shoe his horse. The day before reading this news-item, we 'd been visiting a well-known Public School where they preserve in Hall a fine big oaken table on which Cromwell is said to have slept one night before a neighbouring battle. Dons and other chaps who fear tradition used to ask sniffily why Cromwell should sleep on a table when the place was full of four-posters; but it has been shown from documents pertaining that the Dictator, who was notoriously scared stiff of assassination and feared strange beds—especially those in the houses of Papist and Royalist baronets, victims of the Penal Laws, in which he was an uninvited guest—had the table dragged into the centre of the banqueting-hall and slept on it fully dressed and armed; which attack of jitters doesn't seem to us to reflect much credit on his staff and bodyguard. Perhaps Cromwell felt this himself, and burst next morning into reproachful tears, for Mr. Isaac Foot's great idol loved a good cry and was always snivelling. Anyhow, they 've hung his portrait in Hall, along with those of V.C.s and benefactors of the foundation, which is a graceful act enough.

We 're not being superior about this addiction of Cromwell, né Williams, to tears. Loving a good cry ourselves, we find it as beneficial as Mr. Bumble said. The sight of little actresses, to whom we are allergic, moves us most easily. There are days when we daren't go near the Ivy because our sobs shake the tables; not bitter sobs, but always great choking ones, because little actresses are so sweet and gay and we just can't bear it. You may guess being thus nervous and sensitive is no sinecure.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"How about one more for the road?"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Fool out of his paradise (Robert Harris)

Neurotic erotic (Michael Denison)

Cool customer (Stephen Murray)

Sketches of "Dangerous Corner" by Rouson

Love lies bleeding (Catherine Lacey)

Sweet and innocent (Lesley Brook)

Lady novelist (Winifred Hindle)

Thwarted affections (Ruth Lodge)

The Autumn Season

DURING the past few months the theatres have been having a pretty tough time. Just when the summer decline was over and theatrical managers were hopefully telling one another that "Now comes in the sweet o' the year" there came instead the Crisis, or what, as the Irish talk about the Trouble, we might delicately refer to as the Hurry. The Hurry, in turn, subsided, but the relief has been so incomplete that scarcely one post-Hurry piece can be said to have comfortably established itself. Whether there will be a post-Hurry generation demanding a special type of post-Hurry play—not cocktail plays this time!—we have yet to learn.

MEANWHILE, it cannot be said with any justice that the quality of the entertainment offered this autumn has been below par. One good play every season is a fair average; and we have had more than that.

Mr. Emlyn Williams has given us in *The Corn is Green*, at the Duchess, a very fresh and very charming comedy which may serve as a pointer to playwrights in search of new atmospheres, for though most periods and most geographical areas seem to have been done to death on the stage, there are plenty of combinations of time and place still waiting to yield unfamiliar pleasures—Mr. Williams here introduces us to late-Victorian Wales.

Mr. Rodney Ackland, another of our young playwrights, has, in the capacity of adapter, been responsible for something even better in *The White Guard*, at the Phœnix. This interior glimpse of modern Russian history has been the most notable production of the autumn season, and though at first it looked as though it might prove too serious for the post-Hurry playgoer, its merits received better box-office recognition than at first seemed probable.

To these two good plays might be added half a good play in *Dear Octopus*, Miss Dodie Smith's warm-hearted family tribute. Most critics would add, or even head the list with, *The Flashing Stream*, to which, I must confess, I prefer the simple, unpretentious humour of *Quiet Wedding*.

Another unassuming, but not therefore unamusing, farcical comedy has been Mr. Priestley's *When We Are Married*, which, with the successful revival of his first play, *Dangerous Corner*, at the Westminster, has kept him well to the fore.

AS for the acting, if I were asked to name the best performances, I should in only one case cite a star—Miss Peggy Ashcroft—who has moved and astonished us with her exquisitely tender picture of a girl who has had too much to drink, yet is still sufficiently mistress of herself to resist importunities.

Also in liquor, and also in the first flight, has been Mr. Milton Rosmer's effervescing uncle, at the Haymarket—a really rich piece of comedy.

My third choice would be Mr. Hedley Briggs, of whose clowning in *The Shoemaker's Holiday* I wrote last week.

And my fourth Miss Muriel Pavlow, a newcomer to be watched. She plays the lonely little girl in *Dear Octopus* with such sensitive understanding that, knowing how young actresses may be spoiled by praise, one is almost afraid to praise her.

Anthony

Arthur Carron as Tannhäuser

Sadler's Wells has had the privilege of hearing this fine tenor's Tannhäuser a month or so before the Metropolitan Opera House audiences, to whom he has sung regularly for three years. Last night he took the part for the last time before his return to sing it in New York. His picturesque career began in his father's milk business in Wiltshire; he was given his first chance to change his profession by the Vic-Wells Opera Company, and appeared with them for two seasons as Arthur Cox. As if he was a film actor, an American talent scout spotted him for New York's opera, and off he went, to win in America a nation-wide competition for a new Metropolitan tenor. He celebrated this by changing his name, picking a new one from the telephone directory C's, and then settled down to sing various leading roles in New York, and go concert tours around the States. This year he came to England for his holiday, and as a gesture to the Wells for his operatic debut, sang Don José in the Bizet centenary performance of *Carmen*, as well as his Wagner role. In the latter he is now succeeded by John Wright

Films of the Day

Better Than History in Headlines

By George Campbell

PEOPLE are awful hypocrites about entertainment. If you give them a documentary, full of facts and history, they say it 's dull, and stay away. If you touch on history, but dress it up entertainingly, they enjoy it, but are ashamed of their enjoyment. You would think, to hear the way bright young things and scholarly stockbrokers and literary aunts are talking about *Marie Antoinette*, that history was their one devouring passion, Carlyle's *French Revolution* their only bedside book. Whereas, of course, the one aspect of French history about which they have a smattering is the mistresses of the kings ; and if Carlyle is to be found beside their beds, you can be sure it is because the doctor has forbidden sleeping draughts.

Just now they are carrying on about *Men With Wings*. It seems the picture isn't history. Well, who said it was ? How on earth could it be ? By what magic could you cram the story of patient invention, of daring experiment, of self-sacrifice and triumph and death on some foggy mountain-top or empty sea, which is the story of aviation, into a film lasting an hour and a half ? A recital of headlines would hardly pass for entertainment ; and there is room for little more.

What you can do is to invent one or two pioneers, and, in showing their fortunes since the Wrights' heavier-than-air machine rose successfully from the earth in 1903, give some impression of the progress of aviation.

THIS is what *Men With Wings* sets out to do, and on the whole it does it admirably. There is humour as well as drama in the early scenes, with the youthful experimenter hoisting the unwilling little girl aloft in a kite ; and I have seldom seen anything more realistic than the crash of the first 'plane. One moment the inventor in his crude contraption is taking off from the cliff while his family watch in rapturous suspense. The next it is nose-diving to the earth and going up in flames. From the furnace leaps a writhing, twisting, contorted figure, his clothes blazing as he runs, staggers and finally rolls amidst the golden corn. " Tell them—when they are going to crash—to switch off the ignition . . ." he gasps ; and if you feel inclined to dismiss the scene as sob-stuff, kindly remember that it was by just such tragic lessons that man has conquered the air. If he *has* conquered it. With effective irony, the penultimate scene shows the airman in China, resolving on retirement. " Bombers coming over ! " cries a comrade, running in ; and the airman rises to his feet. " But, mind you," he says, " this is my last flight." He never comes back.

THERE are, inevitably, some striking omissions in this big, melodramatic and beautifully photographed picture ; but the main thing it sets out to do it does triumphantly. A story of three people against a background of aviation from its beginnings is told excitingly, amusingly ; and technically the production is superb. William A. Wellman was an American ace during the Great War ; he happens also to be an ace director. The blurbs inform me that the medals worn by Fred MacMurray as the hero were really Mr. Wellman's, that Douglas Corrigan was one of the stunt pilots, that the value of the 'planes used was more than £200,000, and that the number of miles flown during the making of the film equals fifty journeys around the world. Who cares ? What does impress me is that the flying shots in *Men With Wings* are as good as anything in *Wings* or *Hell's Angels*, and the photography (in Technicolor) much better.

There is no great star in the picture, which may account for the fact that the acting all round is first-class. Louise Campbell, rather like Karen Morley in appearance, voice and bearing, has a dignity and air of breeding rare on the screen ; and Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland (who deserves better parts and is getting them) are effective as the " flying fool " of the story and his friend the designer, who keeps on designing till he ends by consoling the widow.

CHARLES BOYER is a magnificent actor. Physically he is what the dramatic critics call " well graced " ; spiritually he has a force, a gift of suggesting a volcano held in check, rare amongst leading men. *Le Bonheur*, up to a point, serves him well. As the Communist oppressed with the world's injustice, he is thoroughly convincing ; and even when he chooses a beautiful film-star as a victim, shoots her with a Chekhovian incompetence, and promptly falls in love with her, his brooding intensity, plus some ingenious special pleading in the script, induces reluctant belief. The film goes off the rails near the end, but by then I for one had had value for money.

ANOTHER French film that can be recommended is *Alerte en Méditerranée*. Suggested by the international patrol, with its hatred bred of jealousy and suspicion, it tells a good sound yarn of smuggling, murder and chivalry, with a spectacular and original climax.

A Man With Wings Breaks Both Legs

" Men With Wings " is one of the best conceptions for years in the film industry—of giving a history of flying and paying tribute to the spirit in its development, while weaving the history and the tribute into the personal stories of three people, played by Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell (the first seen here, after a crash, with Andy Devine). The personal story is as good as the test flights, war scenes and crashes that enliven this Paramount film, now at the Carlton

Murder Turns to Love

" Le Bonheur " is the film of Henry Bernstein's most famous play, about a young journalist whose hate for a successful actress turns to love when he meets her over his attempt on her life. Boyer is the former, Gaby Morlay the latter ; Marcel L'Herbier directed them, and the film, like Boyer's last two (French), is at the Curzon

Mrs. Antony Norman, by Gerald Brockhurst, R.A.

Gerald Brockhurst's romantic portrait of Mrs. Norman was one of his six exhibits in the 1938 Royal Academy. Its outdoor, hill and lake background is typically Brockhurst in conception, though less Italian in style than he often chooses to paint. Mrs. Antony Norman is the wife of Sir Henry and Lady Norman's younger son. Her father, John Watson Hughes, is a Denbighshire neighbour at Pontruffyd Trefnant of her husband's uncle, Lord Aberconway, at Bodnant. She and her husband, who were married last year, live in Montagu Street

"Bystander" Short Story No. 166

Coals of Fire

By Elizabeth York Miller

Illustration by Reinganum

THE not-so-young man had always been particular about details when setting a scene for love, and in the course of his career he had arranged many. But during the last few years things had not been going so good with him in that way, and the occasions were falling off badly. It must be nearly six months now since he had made a killing, and she had turned out to be tight-fisted as well as exigent.

Things weren't going so good in other ways, either. Fifteen years ago he had his own band and toured the world, and now he was just a saxophonist out of work, with all his luxurious tastes intact and no money with which to gratify them.

Yet so far he had managed to keep up appearances. God knows how the rent got paid. Almost anyone not suffering from claustrophobia and liking a hot-house atmosphere would have admired his dear little flat done in off-white and chromium, although it was considerably more than off-white now, and seen at its best by shaded lamplight.

Well, this was the twilight hour, and the shaded lamplight was on. He had said: "Would you like to come around to my little place for a cocktail to-morrow afternoon?"

He had said it as casually as he could, but his heart was in his throat for fear she would refuse. He hardly knew her, really; but this time—and for the last time, he told himself—he was in love. He suspected that her husband was rich. But had she really fallen for him?

She was a trifle on the common side, but pretty and quite young. Not a day over twenty-five, he'd stake his living oath. The stingy, exigent one had been in the neighbourhood of fifty.

He had met her for the first time in the bar of the Trombone Club only a week ago. She was waiting for a friend, she said, and they were going to a cinema. She said her name was Ruby Collins and her husband was on night work, so she had a lot of time on her hands.

She had yellow hair, chemicalised, he could see, and soft brown eyes that had something dog-like in them, when he told her he was Budge Hooper. She knew his name; knew that he had been a big noise in the dance-band world. She probably thought he was still sitting pretty on the top.

She had said: "Well, now, fancy that—could you berlieve it! I carn't, to save me life. Fancy you being Budge Hooper!"

He hadn't felt so flattered even back in the glittering days when a Park Avenue debutante had begged him to elope with her, and her father had paid him ten thousand dollars to turn her down. Those were the days of easy love as well as easy money.

This little kid, this Ruby Collins, would play the game his way, he felt sure. She had such sympathetic eyes. And almost from the first she had seemed over-eager to be friends with him. There weren't many mink coats knocking about the Trombone Club, but hers looked genuine, and her plump little fingers carried a massed collection of red, white and blue sparklers.

She had been a pro, she told him, but never anything very wonderful. Ruby Collins was her stage name. She laughed when he pretended to recognise it.

"No, Mr. Hooper; no, you never did," she said. "I never got no further than the provinces. I was in variety. That was how I met my husband. He was in Blackpool at the time."

He couldn't get any more out of her about her husband than that.

"No, I don't talk about him," she explained politely, when he tried to gather particulars. "He don't mind me running into the Trombone, on account as I like seeing my old friends, even if we have gone up in the world. But my husband, he always says: 'Ave a good time, Ruby, but keep your trap shut. There 's too many tramps loafin' around the old Trombone,' he says, 'and if they got to know who you was, my life wouldn't be worth living,' he says. Himself, he never comes near this place."

Mr. Hooper had tried Otto, the barkeep, but Otto had said he didn't know who she was, and neither did any of Budge's other cronies. He never saw her lady friend, who failed to turn up for the cinema appointment.

Well, Ruby Collins was coming to pay him an intimate little call now, so it looked as though she more than liked him. Perhaps this would develop into an affair of business as well as love. It could be done—it had been done. Only he was a little handicapped by being so much in love with her, although experience tried to tell him that that emotion would wear off in time. If he could get a few letters from her he wouldn't charge too much for them when the sad moment of parting arrived. By that time he would have found out all about that mysterious husband of hers. Whoever he was, there was money in the family.

HE had been out for a little frugal shopping, and now the three white vases were sparsely furnished in the Japanese fashion, sharing a dozen roses he had bought off a barrow, and which would just about last out, with luck. He had hammered the stems and put an aspirin tablet in each vase. Thus drugged and castigated, they ought to be able to hold up their heads for a couple of hours. In the ice-box was half a bottle of gin and some

(Continued on page 303)

Herbert List

Roumanian Girls: Their Problem is Marriage

When Austria was absorbed into the German Empire, Czechoslovakia became the focus of the uneasy European limelight. Since the partition of Czechoslovakia, German ambition, and with it Europe's eyes, shift south-east to the rich grain-fields and the mineral strata of Roumania. This kingdom, no Balkan State, finds itself high and dry on the break-up of the Little Entente, with neighbours who must all be watched: Hungary and Poland, both with whetted appetites, the former with strong minority claims; Jugoslavia, friendly to Italy and Germany; Bulgaria, where there are more than three million Roumanians; the Ukraine, where there are one and a half million; weakened Czechoslovakia; and the Russo-Turkish "lake," the Black Sea. So Roumania's autocrat, the Hohenzollern King Carol, set out in state to sound Great Britain first, France second, Germany last, about his position. Meanwhile, the Roumanian peasant continues to work his fields and his mines, to keep ancient festivals like this one: the marriage-market, on Mount Gaina, covered for the "Bystander" by Derek Patmore and photographer Herbert List

Continued overleaf ➡

The Fair on Mount Gaina

Girls and their dowries are the wares, husbands are the buyers, marriage is the contract in an annual Transylvanian festival

Too young for marriage, this little girl sits and plays a bucium (Latin: bucina)

MOUNT GAINA, c. 5000 feet, is a rounded peak in the mountainous district of Torda in the province of Transylvania in the kingdom of Roumania. Not far to the north is Cluj, a biggish town, once within the Austro-Hungarian frontier, now ninety miles away. To the south lies Alba-Julia, of which Crown Prince Michael is Grand Duke. Once a year, on a Sunday in high summer, the roads and paths to Mount Gaina are charged with peasant families, beasts, pedlars, gypsies, priests in their gold chasubles. Notable among the pilgrims are confident young men, excited, gaily-dressed girls, for they hope to find on the mountain their partners for life. The fair's origins, lost in antiquity, are almost certainly pagan, and girls may once have been sold or bartered. More recently, when the district was under Magyar domination, the festival was secretly continued by the Roumanians. Nowadays the would-be bride parades her charms and dowry and it is up to the man to make good his claim. Priests (Orthodox Greek) stand by, ready to make the betrothal into marriage straightway

***The brides' beads** are of gold, and their size and number denote her wealth. These girls, like nearly all at the fair, are of the old Roumanian hill-tribe of the Motzi*

***A dowry** takes it easy in the midday sun on Mount Gaina*

***The fair** starts at sunrise, according to pagan tradition, and continues until money is spent, maids are married and wine is drunk. Towards midday, the tired men lie down to sleep, and their women pack up for the return, shifting the daughter's bundle on to her new husband's cart. The rakes were for sale*

←

The sleeper *on the left, tired by the heat, wine and bride-hunting (apparently unsuccessful), and the two members of the stag-line, below, wear the hats that all Roumanian men and boys regard as the symbol of male superiority—men do not fetch and carry things on their heads. Note the sleeper's embroidered shirt and his drinking-mug strapped to his wrist. His pose illustrates, and his ancestors may have been the originals of, Virgil's exclamation: "O more than happy peasant, ignorant of thine own good fortune!"*

Photographs by Herbert List

Each one *of these girls hopes she will not go home with her friends*

To discuss purchases *and perhaps proposals, the marriageable daughter returns to family headquarters (the bundles contain bed-linen—part of her dowry). The Roumanians, often told by the Pope's missionaries that they are Romans, speak an isolated Romance tongue that is directly descended from the rustic Latin of Dacia and Scythia Pontica*

→

"Harlequin in the Street"

The First New Ballet of the Wells Season

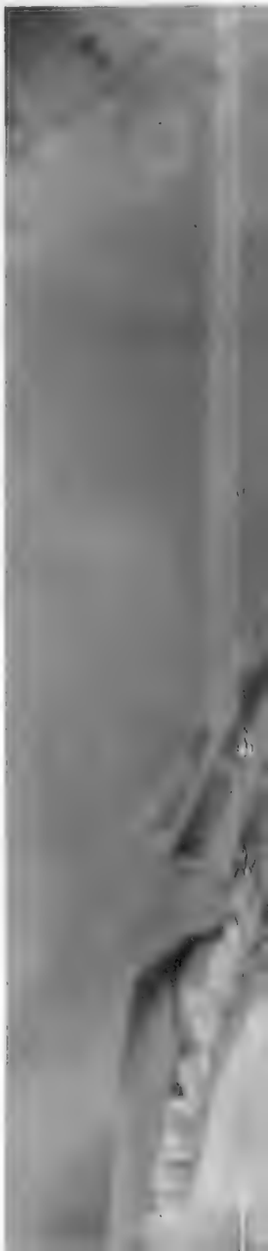
An old seventeenth-century ballet has inspired Frederick Ashton's new work for Sadler's Wells, and Couperin music gives him the simple, happy rhythms to which its frivolous episodes are set with high-spirited irrelevance and invention. Gordon Jacobs' orchestration of the music had been used before by Mr. Ashton for a production of the ballet at Cambridge. Now the choregraphy has been revised, but the same lovely settings and dresses by Derain are used, Mr. J. M. Keynes having presented them to Sadler's Wells. *Harlequin in the Street* was given its first performance two weeks ago

The Bread Boy, *accomplice in Harlequin's mischief-making, is danced by Frank Staff. He has joined the company this season from the Ballet Club. The three Commères who trip with brisk gaiety in and out before the Derain background are Jill Gregory, Pamela Nye and Patricia Garnett*

Photographs by Anthony

Alan Carter *takes the part of Harlequin, the incorrigible tease, who breaks into a lovers' rendezvous, purloins and re-writes their billets-doux, and deceives and bewilders all and sundry with enviable impunity*

Harlequin *is Alan Carter's first leading part, and shows his exceptional softness, lightness and speed. An impression of eager intelligence and sensitiveness is given by the performance of this young dancer*



Pas de trois *between the lovers and the stripe-suited mocker ends with the lovers sitting with clasped hands, and Harlequin beating entrechats between them*

Monseigneur, *the handsome lover, expresses his aristocratic pride in a solo of classical formality, to which Michael Soames brings a clean strength and precision*

Michael Soames *creates his second important role as Monseigneur, his first being in "Horoscope"*

June Brae *is La Superbe and dances with a supple grace. She has a delightful gift for making her dress part of her personality and movements*

***Ferdinand de Lesseps** is played by Tyrone Power, now a Hollywood favourite for the young roles in the big shows. (He was in "Marie Antoinette" and "In Old Chicago.") Loretta Young plays Eugénie de Montijo, later Empress; Joseph Schildkraut plays Comte de Latour*

***Prince Said,** son of Mohamed Ali, ruler of Egypt. is the canal-builder's first friend; he is played by J. Edward Bromberg. Henry Stephenson has the part of Count de Lesseps, Ferdinand's father*

***The water scenes** were made in old flooded clay-pits in*

"Suez": 20th Fox spend two million dollars in remaking the canal

Ferdinand de Lesseps' dream and its realisation of a canal to connect Europe and the Orient is in the same class, according to 20th Century-Fox, with their Darryl F. Zanuck's dream to make a film of it. At all events, the great corporation went about it in no mean way, sending thousands of men into the Arizona desert. The result is extremely spectacular, comparable with the same firm's *In Old Chicago*, and in many ways a fitting monument to the courage and foresight of de Lesseps' achievement. *Suez* will have its English premiere at the New Gallery on Friday, in aid of the Extension Fund of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. Queen Mary has promised to attend

***Annabella** keeps up the love-interest after Empress Eugénie has gone (temporarily) out of the film. Though she refused a £20,000 film offer which meant cutting her hair short, she agreed to do this in "Suez" (left)*

***In the tents** of Mohamed Ali (Maurice Mascovich) young de Lesseps, on Consular service in Egypt, has a boxing bout with Prince Said. Centre is Nigel Bruce as the British agent, Sir Malcolm Cameron*

***Disraeli** is played by Miles Mander. When Napoleon III. withdraws funds from the half-finished canal, de Lesseps enlists the Jew's support (below). This entails a scene in a Hollywood House of Commons*

Lorett *that marr*

ronado, California

The wind scenes, *most impressive of an impressive film, were made in Arizona*

ng has a picture-role in "Suez," Empress Eugénie, loved before her poleon by the canal-builder de Lesseps

The simoon, *dreaded devil-wind of the desert, strikes the canal-builders during the construction, fills in their trench, topples their water-tanks. One of these kills the gamine (Annabella) who loves de Lesseps. Other troubles for him are Turks disguised as Arabs, who mine the works*

Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith—Seasonable Diana

Mrs. Murray Smith belongs to Leicestershire—lives there and hunts there, and with her good looks, her infallible smartness, and her qualities as a horsewoman is secure in that hard-riding extrovert world to which a stranger is not admitted without good credentials. She was Ulrica Thynne before her marriage to George Anthony Murray Smith in 1936. Her father, Colonel Ulric Thynne, is a cousin of the Marquess of Bath; she used to go racing a good deal with him before she married. Her husband is in the Royal Horse Guards. They hunt from Gumley Hall, Market Harborough, and in London live in Hertford Street

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"Bond Street." The most fashionable perfume of the day. The essential beauty of the loveliest odours gathered into one supremely beautiful perfume, rich, luxurious and lasting. 7/6, 12/6, 21/-, etc.

"Orchis." The most beautiful of perfumes, accentuates your loveliness and invests it with a new charm, a new beauty, a new call to romance and joyous adventures. 5/-, 10/6, 21/-, etc.

SOME of the most beautiful perfume creations in the world are found in the collection of the superb and luxurious perfumes presented by Yardley. Whether the choice is for rich, opulent and luxurious odours for state occasions, or the more simple individual flower fragrances, examples will be found of lovely and alluring quality which would add distinction to the most soignée toilette.

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ON THE STEPPES ONE DRINKS KISSLYSCHTSCHY . . .★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Kisslyschtschy is described by intrepid drinkers as "a beer like sweet wort or treacle beer" . . . which is probably helpful to anyone who knows his treacle beer. But lately there has been a marked swing-over, on the Steppes, to Schweppes, which not only tastes better but is easier to pronounce.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Coals of Fire *(Continued from page 292)*

grapefruit juice. It would have been cheaper to have bought a bottle of ready-made cocktails, but Ruby was no piker, and he was afraid she might detect the economy.

In fact, it worried him a little that perhaps she had already discovered how hard up he was. Twice she had insisted on buying him a drink, and he had felt those bright eyes of hers giving his clothes the once-over.

It was the glamour of his past that most obviously fascinated her, and he played up to it for all he was worth. That famous octet he had brought over from New York, for instance. All scattered now, or dead. One had become famous. He recalled some of the names for her, and although she must have been pretty young when he, Budge Hooper, had hammered the piano for that clever gang, she pretended to remember, and nodded delightedly when he reminisced of Red Palmer, Joe Clark, Chick Conroy and the others. He had lost sight of them now, he told her, and he had given up his band. It was too much hard work. Now and again he obliged as a solo saxophonist, he said, but at the present moment he was "resting."

But he did not tell her that he had been a lady-killer from the age of eighteen, that when he could afford it the alcoholic content of his blood stood at ninety-five per cent., and that he was just about as trustworthy as a skunk. As a matter of fact, he did not know those things about himself, so, of course, he couldn't have told her. He attributed his failure in life to a combination of hard luck and both private and professional jealousy. But as yet he hoped she did not know he was a failure. When they were more intimately acquainted he would break it to her gently and trust to her generosity to do the rest. Because undoubtedly she had a generous nature.

He was sure she would like his cosy little flat; it really did look attractive by lamplight. The exigent one had called it "our love-nest." It was, perhaps, a thought too cosy, and the well-cushioned divan was really Mr. Hooper's bed. He did hope Ruby wouldn't see through such-like devices. He had described it to her as merely his pied-de-terre, giving her vaguely to understand that he had more imposing quarters elsewhere.

WHAT to wear had been somewhat of a problem.

He didn't want to scare her off by assuming too great an intimacy before there was actual warrant for it, but, on the other hand, that three-quarter-length black and gold house-coat which had been a Christmas gift from the exigent one was a becoming garment. If he wore it with his dress trousers it might give the impression that he was anticipating the evening. He would apologise, saying he hoped she wouldn't mind.

He put it on and went into the bathroom for the finishing touches.

Of course, he was used to his face, but now he gave it some close and impersonal attention.

His hair was still brilliantly coal-black, except at the temples, where he carefully touched it up with an eyebrow-brush dipped in fard Indien. It was receding, too, so that his forehead, which had started life on a low-brow plan, was now intellectually high. Almost too much so. He plucked a few bristling hairs out of his eyebrows and critically inspected his little moustache for any sign of grey.

His figure, thank God! was all right. Wide at the shoulders, slender at the hips, and with no bulge at the waistline. In fact, it caved in, rather, so that with his shiny black and gold coat well belted, he looked somewhat like an elegant wasp.

But he couldn't get rid of those sharp lines that gave him a haggish look about the nose and mouth, nor of the heavy eyelids that, as time wore on, were getting more and more vampirish. He altered his expression, essaying a wistful smile, and it was a little better then. Well, he told himself, that was his style—charming, elegant, mysterious. A man who has lived his life, but found nothing much worth while until he encountered Ruby Collins.

He went back into the bed-sitting-room, chose a white vellum book of poems from a heterogeneous collection in the tiny bookcase, and laid it open face downwards on the divan.

It was five o'clock. She ought to be here any moment now, unless she had repented and wasn't coming. But in that case, surely she would telephone.

HE felt that this was his last chance to get something he really wanted. Of course, there wasn't any culture with it, but he had never cared much for culture. That sort had always found him out in the end. They wanted too much that he hadn't it in him to give, and they never knew anything about swing music. This one, Ruby Collins, was a hotsy-totsy to her finger-tips; she spoke his language and understood and appreciated his art. He thought it might be rather fun to turn on the radio later, if there was a dance band going, and join in with it on his saxophone. Perhaps. He shoved the saxophone case under the divan to bide its time. Love and drinks first, and rhythm afterwards.

The bell rang, and here she was.

SUCH a cute little kid, bunched up in her mink coat, with a spray of gardenias brushing her cheek, and simply glowing, showing how happy she was to be with him.

"I 've got such a surprise for you, I carn't hardly wait," she said.

Then she thrust a gurgling packet at him.

Was that her surprise? Just a bottle of gin she had brought him for a present.

"I wasn't sure if you mightn't be short," she said. "I hope you ain't offended."

The not-so-young Mr. Hooper had never been known to refuse a present, and he accepted this one with becoming expressions of gratitude. Whatever happened, he had plenty of drink to go on with.

But the funny thing about drink was whereas once he had been a slave to the bottle, now he didn't care such an awful lot about it. It didn't do anything to him nowadays. He might get a bit sodden or owlish, but he never seemed to get pepped.

While he was helping her out of her coat, he kissed her. It was an experimental affair, and landed somewhere in the neighbourhood of her ear.

"Now, now!" She wagged a forefinger at him. "You be careful, or I might fall in love with you."

"I wish you would," he said wistfully.

"You 'd have my husband in your hair if I did."

Damn that husband of hers! He still remained anonymous, but he was always cropping up. Who was the fellow, anyway? Obviously somebody in the money, but Mr. Hooper couldn't think of anybody like that in variety, except a few comedians and Gracie Fields. No, the fellow couldn't possibly be a pro.

"'S nice little place you got, Budge." Her bright eyes gave it the run-around. "Ours is bigger but not so homelike. Hotel rooms never are."

"What hotel?" he asked boldly.

"Artful, ain't you? Think you 'll get a line on me that way?" She threw back her head and laughed. She had the most delicious-looking little throat, and he could hardly restrain himself from taking advantage of it.

He laughed too. "Well, if we 're going to be friends. . . ."

"Sure we 're going to be friends, and I don't mind telling you. Just now we 're living at the Rochester, and we 've got us three rooms and two bathrooms. How 's that for style?"

He blew a whistle that but faintly expressed his surprise.

"Oh, it don't cost nothing," she explained. "My husband 's working there this winter and they throw in the rooms along with his salary. We have to pay for our food, though, so naturally we don't eat there. . . . Let 's talk about you, Budge. You know, night and day since I ran into you at the Trombone you 've been on my mind."

"And you have been on mine," he said tenderly, but his attention was a little distracted. Was her husband, perhaps, a head waiter? Only he had never heard of a head waiter being given a suite in the hotel where he worked.

She had plumped down on the divan and noticed his book of poems, as he hoped she would.

"You read this sort of stuff?"

"Sometimes—when the mood is on me. To-day I felt like poetry. I lay here reading and dreaming—thinking about you—and that 's why you caught me in this coat. I hope you don't mind, darling."

He sat down beside her and tried to take the book out of her hands, but she held on to it and pointed gleefully to an inscription she had found on the title-page.

"Oh, you *are* a one! Look here what it says—only it 's in French."

He got the book away from her then, after a playful little scuffle.

He had forgotten about the inscription. The bemused damsel who had given him that slender volume was one of the intellectual ones. Her Christian name was Felicia, as was testified, but he had forgotten her surname. She was very far back in his book, and he couldn't remember everything.

During the scuffle he got an arm around his visitor and intended to keep it there, but she wriggled loose and began to straighten her hat.

(Concluded on page viii)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

T. E. Lawrence in His Letters

By V. S. Pritchett

In one of his letters T. E. Lawrence complained that people said he was mad, when he was merely logical. The correct answer to that is that our best logicians are in the asylums. The difference between the two abnormal types, the great and the mad, is that while both reject common sense at some point and live by their own logic, the mad expect to realise their ambitions by divine right without the vulgar necessity of working for them; the indispensable part of greatness, on the other hand, is endlessly patient, exhaustive, mundane labour. This extraordinary capacity T. E. Lawrence had; without it he would have been merely the impish, romantic, malicious and brainy recluse which legend and the press have passed off on the world.

What the real character and life of T. E. Lawrence were we can now know from his own variable tongue in *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence of Arabia* (Cape; 25s.), which Mr. David Garnett has edited with great ability. This is not an amorphous collection. It has a purpose: to build up the life from childhood onwards; and though there may be more letters, though there are no "revelations" and few gratifying insults, any substantial addition to the picture is unimaginable. This is Lawrence self-revealed, as only the sudden word to friends can reveal a man. The Anglo-Irish run true to type and Lawrence was almost the case-book figure. Stolid England has often provided this race with a theatre which they would not have had in their own country. (Yes, I know Lawrence was brought up in Wales and never, if ever, visited Ireland.) Speaking from his close knowledge, Mr. David Garnett writes of the almost shocking desire for suffering in Lawrence, which is most evident in the unpublished *Mint*. The letters confirm this, particularly the important self-revelatory series to Lionel Curtis written round about 1923. Lawrence's masochism is the masochism of the saints and explorers; and it is to the latter category, even more than to the profession of arms, that Lawrence belongs by temper, character and even experience. Livingstone, Mungo Park, Caillié the Frenchman, all the great figures, have had this motive to an abnormal degree. The lady from Euclid Avenue, Ohio, who wrote to tell Lawrence he was her "idea of a He-Man" had read her Ethel M. Dell but not her history of exploration. Lawrence's natural vanity and ever-fencing self-consciousness made the most of his condition—hence the absorbing interest of these *Letters*—and he carried it to the absolute limits of asceticism, to a hatred of the flesh which led him, on one occasion, to think the mere act of a long jump degrading because it was physical. There was something of the Stylites in him. From the time when at school he broke his leg and said nothing about it, to the first mysterious smashing-up, got at the hands of Kurds in his first journey as a youth in Palestine, and then on to his self-immolation in the R.A.F. and the Tank Corps, the motive is always there.

"Dogs' Dudgeon"

Eric Keown and Nina Scott Langley went into collaboration about dogs, and have produced an amusing exposition of "the just grievances of the canine community," in the shape of a book called "The Complete Dogs' Dudgeon (Hutchinson). He, the author, is a "Punch" contributor, and widely familiar under his pen-name "Eric." She, the illustrator, has an exceptional gift for animal portrayal, particularly dogs. Has also illustrated a book about monkeys, "Darwin is Right!" (Collins)

But to stress this underside because he turned it uppermost is ultimately as distorting as the romantic picture which has been served up to the million. Except for the letters of the bad period after Arabia, when his nerves were in pieces, and the horrified ones of the years in the Tanks, which read like extracts from Cummings' *The Enormous Room*, the main impression is of an eager, generous, vital, shrewd and practical figure, brilliantly sound in all situations, naturally gifted in judgments on things as diverse as speed-boats, politics, literature, and the common soldier. From his earliest studies of the crusaders' castles which led him to the Near East and to exploration and strategy, one is struck not only by the intelligent passion for detail, but the vigorous, racy and both-feet-on-the-ground way he has of getting it down. He was a master of technical description.

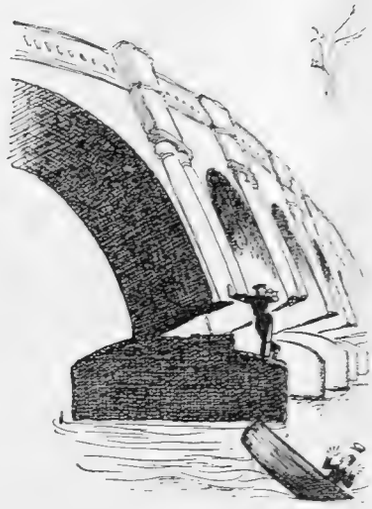
There are 800 pages of letters in this book. Their field is attractively wide. The late Edward Garnett, owing to his work on *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and his friendship, has a large share. These and the ones written to Shaw and E. M. Forster contain the heart of Lawrence's artistic aspirations and its miseries. Happy in his final years with the speed-boats, he added to his asceticism the sobriety of the craftsman.

I am always lending my copy of Gustav Krist's *Alone Through the Forbidden Land*. Its successor, *Prisoner in the Forbidden Land* (Faber 10s. 6d.), is equally worth reading. It is indispensable in books of travel and adventure that one should arrive at a clear portrait of the writer, and Krist comes out very strongly, perhaps because of his reserve, his pertinacity and lack of artifice. Two million Austrians were taken prisoner by the Russians in the Great War and of these more than half a million died from terrible privation. Krist was a prisoner and survived. Sent to Turkistan, he escaped once to Afghanistan and Persia, only to be taken again and to make two more attempts. Imprisonment meant a revival in the twentieth century of horrors comparable only to those visited on the slave cargoes 200 years ago. Men were soon down on the lowest rung of self-preservation. Krist's own survival was a miracle of vitality, the effort of a humane and courageous heart and an extraordinarily clear and wily head. His book has a deserved place in the large prison literature which is, alas, the outstanding literature of our time.

Of the novels, Mr. Waldo Frank's *The Bridegroom Cometh* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is one of those distinguished, over-written and over-intellectualised American novels which describe the familiar arc—puritanism, Freud, Communism; this time mainly in terms of the two daughters of a fanatically evangelical New England family. From his Spanish and South American days Mr. Waldo Frank has been panting with semi-mystical theories, a kind of American Keyserling with D. H. Lawrence's theatricality. Always vivid, he is often so vivid as to be obscure and he works "the pathetic fallacy" to death in his descriptive scenes.

B.U.N.C., by Frances Gray (Constable; 8s. 6d.), is readable on a lower level, a mixture of farce, extravaganza and realism about a woman armament manufacturer, a novelist, a beauty queen and a rival armament manufacturer. The mixture sounds indigestible but is managed very cleverly in parts. Too much plot, but undoubtedly original.

And Miss Eileen Winncroft's *Be a Gent, Little Woman, Be a Gent* (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is, rather teasingly, not about the well of loneliness. This is a swift, wicked, womanish and feckless satire about a lot of immoral, amoral or hopeless behaviour. I could manage about half. Its understatement is pleasing.



THE LAND OF MANY HA-HA'S!

by Strongfellow

In the land of Feeling Fresher,
In the country of the Strong Man,
Lives the Head that is distinctive,
As distinctive as George Robey,
As the eyebrows of George Robey,
Lives the creamy-headed Guinness,
Offspring of the Yeast, the Guinness.
When you're needing strength to help you,
Casual strength to push a bridge down
Or to lift a mighty girder,
Take a trip to Nevertiredland,
Have a glass of smiling Guinness,
If a Sea-lion hasn't got it,
Balanced on his black proboscis.
(Oh my Goodness, oh my Guinness!)
Take your Guinness and enjoy it,
If an Ostrich hasn't pinched it,
Hasn't got it more than half way,
(So that you can see the glass-shape)
Half way down his lengthy swallow.
Drink your Guinness, taste its goodness,
Feel the good that one can do you,
Contemplate the good that Toucan.
Think of all who sing its praises
Lion, Carpenter and Keeper,
Walrus, Woodman, Village Blacksmith,
You, and me, and everybody.
Slowly sip its creamy goodness,
Then you'll know why people tell you,
Tell you there is nothing like it,
Why they say with many ha-ha's!
"Life is brighter after Guinness,

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS"

G.E.777

The Money in Aviation

By Charles Ward

R.A.F. Flying Training School Number One has returned to its original home at Netheravon, Wilts., after being based for three years at Leuchars, Fife. A naval officer is seen receiving instruction in blind flying whilst seated in the Link Trainer

Big Company Changes

IMPERIALS and British Airways are to be amalgamated into a public corporation to be operated on the lines of the L.P.T. and B.B.C. Shareholders will be given the opportunity of making terms. The announcement follows a private enquiry conducted by the Air Ministry and by Sir John Reith since he took over control of Imperial Airways. More money is needed for the exploitation of Empire routes and those to foreign countries. Civil and military aviation being so interdependent, it is obviously of national concern that the commercial side should not have to rely on private support for its development, and, further, that profits above a certain margin should go back into the business or revert to the State. The slow delivery of two British types may necessitate the purchase of still more air-liners from abroad. Atlantic trials are suspended till the spring, when both landplanes and flying-boats will open an experimental mail-service to Canada. On the manufacturing side, Hawker-Siddeleys, the most powerful and prosperous concern in the industry, is creating £5,000,000 of first debenture stock. John Brown, of Glasgow, which controls Westland Aircraft, has brought in a partner—Associated Electrical Industries — to extend their aviation side. Airspeed of Portsmouth, also backed by shipbuilders, has made a profit this year. Aviation has become quite definitely "big business."

For The Cags

GENERAL AIRCRAFT claims that a twin rudder and fin give even greater advantages to a single-engined 'plane than to aircraft with two or more engines, and this assertion seems proved by the performance of the "Cygnet," a type in production to meet Civil Air Guard requirements. Flight with hands off is effective at any throttle opening, whilst recovery from a spin is both sure and rapid. A tricycle undercarriage is a standard fitting, thus following the policy initiated by General Aircraft, in an endeavour to make landing under all conditions safer and easier for the novice. Air Guard training is under way at nearly all civil aerodromes, but the full effect of the scheme will not be felt till next year, when more aircraft are available. The "Gipsy Moth" is still the popular and most numerous training type, and it must remain so for some time to come. Small two-seaters to qualify for the cheaper category of C.A.G. flying at 2s. 6d. and 5s. an hour are not expected in any numbers until the summer. Meantime, a determined effort is being made to organise ground instruction for thousands of volunteers who would otherwise be discouraged by the shortage of flying facilities. The fee for a Royal Aero Club certificate, which in the early days was proof that the holder was a pilot, has been reduced from £1 to 10s., as a gesture to assist the C.A.G. movement. There is no compulsion to apply for this certificate, but most civil pilots do apply as a matter of form.

At Heston and Brooklands

HESTON has agreed to train Air Guards, whilst Brooklands is concentrating on Air Cadets. There will be none of the cheaper types of aircraft available at Heston, so that rates are on the 10s. and 5s. scale. Those wishing to join should write to the chief instructor for the necessary forms. Heston is now a Government airport, with British Airways as the big tenant, operating to Paris, Berlin, Scandinavia and Portugal, but the earlier amenities—hangarage for private 'planes, sales, service and instruction—are still available for all who fly. At Brooklands, the first fifty cadets were interviewed by the selection committee, under Major F. G. Maunde-Thompson, last week. The sum of £500 has been subscribed, but more is needed to provide the youth of the neighbourhood with full facilities for training. Mr. Nepean Bishop retained the Hart Trophy in the annual landing competition by the narrow margin of one mark. Mr. B. S. Smallman, manager of the Club, who was a pilot during the last European War, has completed his tests for a "B" licence.

Charles E. Brown

The latest addition to Imperial Airways' fleet is "Frobisher," a de Havilland liner which has been known in its experimental stage as the "Albatross." A recent test flight revealed a ground speed of 230 miles an hour

Reliability by Air

THE Guild of Air Pilots has awarded its reliability trophy to Wrightways of Croydon, for the maintenance of the newspaper service between London and Paris in all weathers. From the beginning of the year till September 30, the news-'planes carried one and a half tons a day with two cancellations only. A distance approaching 200,000 miles was flown in this period by Captain J. W. Duggan and his assistants. Journeys in bad visibility are made with the aid of one short-wave and two medium-wave radio receivers, following a system which the company has developed to a high stage of perfection.

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10/6 per Shaker Bottle *(U.K. only)* Also obtainable in ½-Bottles and Miniatures

Gordon's

Genuine Gin Cocktail

Other recipes:

Piccadilly, Martini, Dry Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Perfect, Fifty - Fifty

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Golf Clubs at Home

Pannal, Harrogate

The Pannal Golf Club lies on a high stretch of moorland about three miles to the south of Harrogate on the Leeds road. Laid out by Sandy Herd in 1906, the course proved an excellent test for nearly thirty years until, in 1935, the committee resolved to alter the layout to conform with modern standards. The new course is rich in natural features, as was the old; its total length is 6666 yards

(1) L. L. Binns (vice-president, ex-captain). (2) R. H. Locke. (3) F. B. Spedding (committee). (4) G. H. Hudson. (5) E. W. Christie. (6) H. G. Heslop. (7) G. Ballantyne (hon. secretary), J. F. Imeson (hon. treasurer), and H. Stringfellow. (8) N. Hirst and I. McCallum. (9) H. Kendrew (committee), B. Cooper-Brown, F. Harker. (10) A. Kelso, J. M. Dodds, T. Fawcett Dixon. (11) A. Morley (steward) and J. J. Busson (professional)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Great Player

THOSE who were surprised when Alfred Perry won the Open Championship of 1935 must by now have realised that they had little cause for surprise.

Before he won the Open Championship, he had reached the final of the *News of the World* tournament, had played in Ryder Cup matches, had won the assistants' tournament twice, and had won the Surrey G.U. open championship three times; and has since, by many fine performances, shown that his victory in 1935 was no fluke.

This has been a wonderful year for Perry: he has done better in the important tournaments than any other golfer.

During the year he won the *Daily Mail* tournament, the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament, and the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament; the last-named with the unbelievable scores of 69, 68, 67, and 69; and was second to Charles Whitcombe in the "Silver King" tournament—a really great performance.

In the major tournaments he had an average score of 72·54 strokes per round, and was unlucky to be only second to Cotton, who had an average score of 72·25. Cotton did not play in the Dunlop-Southport tournament or the *News-Chronicle* tournament; the latter was played in a strong wind, and the scoring consequently was high. In both these tournaments Perry returned a card of 80 or over, so if he, like Cotton, had missed them, he would have had the leading average score of the year.

WHEN playing in tournaments of importance, Perry, unlike the majority of his fellow competitors, looks as if he is thoroughly enjoying himself; in fact, he is usually so cheerful that those who do not know him well are apt to think that he is playing in a happy-go-lucky way, and may even accuse him of wasting shots through careless play. This is far from the truth: he takes his profession very seriously; and always keeps on trying, however badly things are going for him. He has shown, time and again, how valuable the gift of not allowing any bad shot or slice of cruel luck to ruffle one's composure is. They certainly do not affect him to the slightest degree.

I do not know any other golfer, professional or amateur, who is up to the hole with his approach shots as often as Perry is. He is also a very bold putter, and always gives the hole a chance.

He never for a second considers playing safe, and nearly always follows a bad shot with a really brilliant one, and consequently seldom has to pay any penalty for his mistakes.

I ALWAYS like watching Perry play, and it is most interesting to talk to him about his golf, a subject he has to be coaxed to discuss.

He is extremely modest, and without a vestige of conceit, and says in all modesty things which, if said by another man, might be considered by someone who did not know him, gross conceit.

He never blows his own trumpet, and when another blows it for him, he usually says it has been blown too loud.

Last year, after he had returned the leading score in the qualifying rounds of the *Daily Mail* tournament, I congratulated him and suggested that he must have played very well. All the reply I got was: "Thank you, sir. I thought the others should have played better."

It is indeed strange to discover a golfer who makes a remark like this. Most golfers, when they win, try to make out that they have played so well that nobody else had a chance.

I have a friend who seldom wins a round in the Amateur Championship, yet he tells me year after year that he has holed the course in 72 strokes, only to have the misfortune to be drawn against a man who has gone mad, and who, on the day's play, would have beaten anyone. How often we say we have won when, to be truthful, we should say that our opponent has lost.

WALTER HAGEN hardly ever played a good round without playing some really bad shots. Perry plays even more bad shots than Hagen used to do, but by great recoveries, allied to a cheerful disposition and the fact that he is apparently not surprised in the least when he produces a most monstrous shot, and that they do not disconcert him to the slightest degree, gets brilliant results.

I believe that at the present time Perry is capable of more brilliant golf than any other human being.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CRITCHLEY, who is a good judge of a man, as well as of a golfer, is fortunate to have Perry as his partner in his £500 challenge match, which is to be played in the near future against Harry Bentley and Henry Cotton.

I shall be surprised if it is necessary for the General to encourage his partner, when about to play a short putt, with his customary stage whisper of "Back of the hole."

The Royal Air Force Meeting

Flt.-Lieut. G. H. White, Air Commodore R. E. Saul, Wing Commander R. S. Sugden and Sq.-Ldr. P. G. Chichester were four players in the R.A.F. Officers' Golfing Association meeting at Trent Park, when the Sassoon cups were competed for

Wing Commander C. Keary, Flt.-Lieut. Hickey, Group Commander H. G. Bowen and Sq.-Ldr. G. Piggott were four more players at the R.A.F. meeting at Trent Park. The competition was on a point basis

Also at Trent Park were Flying Officer Darling, Sq.-Ldr. Grice, Flt.-Lieut. R. G. Shaw and Flt.-Lieut. R. Sadler. Grice and Sadler won the afternoon foursomes prize after a tie

Three Weddings

Mr. George Lowther and Miss Sheila Foster

George Hugh Lowther, the Life Guards, is the elder son of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. John Lowther, of Wilton Castle, Redcar, Yorks., and Guilsborough Court, Northants. Sheila Rachel Isabel Foster is the daughter of the late Major Phipps Foster and Mrs. Foster, of the White House, Winslow, Bucks. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and are honeymooning abroad

Mr. Alexis Anderson and Baroness Lore Gélan

Lord Montgomerie and Miss Ursula Watson

Lord Montgomerie, son of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton and Beatrice Countess of Eglinton and Winton, and Ursula Watson, elder daughter of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Watson, of 11, Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh, were married at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh, with a reception at the Assembly Rooms, George Street. They went to the South of France for their honeymoon

Left: Alexis Haig Anderson, of 73, St. James's Street, S.W.1, and Lore Maria Gélan, of 81, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, and have gone to Paris, Vienna and Budapest for their honeymoon. He is the son of the late A. C. Anderson, of the Homestead, Prestwick, and Mrs. Anderson, of Devonshaw, by Dollas, Scotland. She is the only child of Baron and Baroness Gélan, of Vienna

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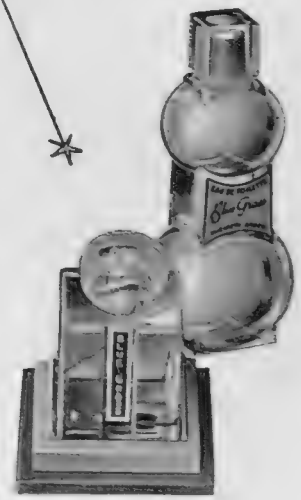

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GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS

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Crossing the lines: *this picture of the Heythrop illustrates how electrification of the railways would menace hunting*

Howard Marshall on Sport

It is pleasant on these foggy mornings to read news of the M.C.C. team in South Africa—good news, too, with Farnes taking wickets and Bartlett, Hammond and Paynter already getting runs.

Bartlett's success in his first match was particularly welcome, and if he really gets going he may prove to be a sensation in South Africa.

From nearer home comes the news that Sir Pelham Warner has decided that his name shall not be put forward as one of our cricket selectors next summer. Although Sir Pelham is sixty-five years of age, he is still a youngster in his enthusiasm for cricket, and many will regret his decision to retire.

He has been chairman of the last four selection committees, and a chairman nowadays has to be something of a diplomat, for upon him has devolved the responsibility of dealing both with the comfort of the players and the enquiries of the Press. A more harassing job I can't well imagine, for selectors at every game get all the kicks and none of the ha 'pence. Still, Sir Pelham says that he thoroughly enjoyed his long term of office, and it will be difficult to find anyone to replace him.

There will be more cricket news available by the time you read these notes, for the Board of Control will have met at Lord's and promulgated its decision about the length of Test matches. It seems fairly certain that in future we shall have five days allotted to Tests against Australia and South Africa, and our experiences last summer suggest that this is the only reasonable solution.

One thing is quite certain: we never want to see time-limitless Test matches played in this country again. But five days should be ample for a finish, especially if the vital question of over-prepared wickets could also be most rigorously tackled.

Talking of ruling authorities, I note, by the way, that the Lawn Tennis Association have turned down the proposed amendment to the foot-fault rule. This has been generally welcomed, mainly on the ground that the present rule has served perfectly adequately, and that changes are undesirable unless there is some very clear reason for them.

Now that Donald Budge has definitely become a professional, for the very pleasant little sum of £15,000 and a percentage of the gate receipts, it 's rather disturbing to reflect that probably the best dozen players in the world have all left the amateur ranks.

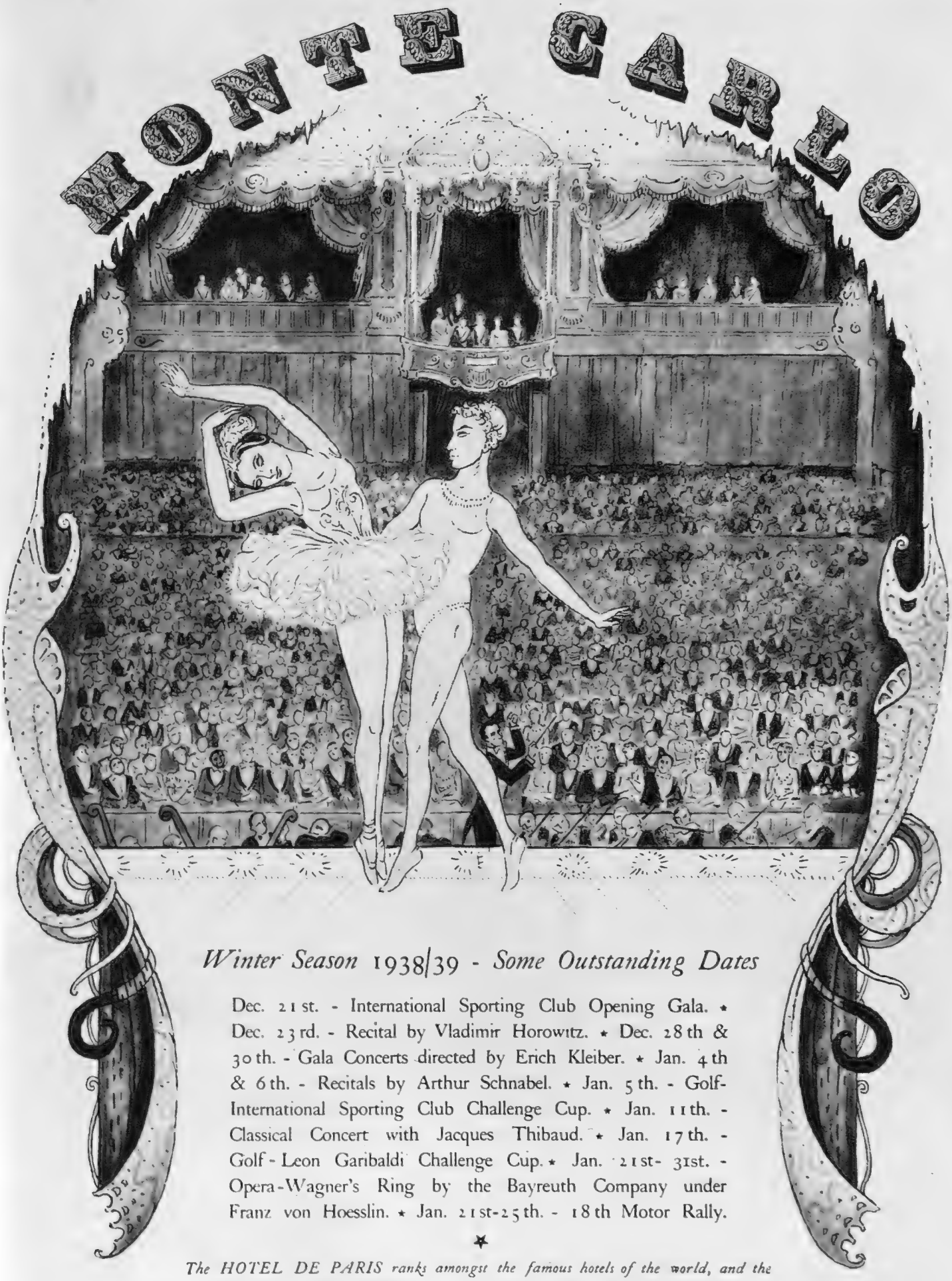
This rather dims the glory of amateur championships, and, if the amateur game is not to become merely a forcing ground for potential professional players, the authorities will have to take some steps to propagate the virtues of the real amateur status.

At the end of this week, incidentally, we have another opportunity of seeing Jean Borotra in action over here, for he comes over with the French International Club team to play the International Club of Great Britain on the Palace Courts at Torquay.

(*Concluded on page 314*)

Exhibition matches *at the opening of the Winchester Squash Racquets Club this month were played by D. I. Burnett, who was defending his Army title last week, and N. E. Hooper, Prince's first string*

The forwards *had the work when Guy's met Birkenhead Park at Honor Oak, and the tackle here is by a forward on a forward: J. C. Bulstrode (Guy's) on A. P. Hughes. There were numberless scrums and re-scrums, and thanks to this and Guy's worthy defence, the Birkenhead heavies only sent their backs over thrice, twice in the last five minutes. Result, 9—0 to Birkenhead*



Winter Season 1938/39 - *Some Outstanding Dates*

Dec. 21st. - International Sporting Club Opening Gala. ★ Dec. 23rd. - Recital by Vladimir Horowitz. ★ Dec. 28th & 30th. - Gala Concerts directed by Erich Kleiber. ★ Jan. 4th & 6th. - Recitals by Arthur Schnabel. ★ Jan. 5th. - Golf-International Sporting Club Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 11th. - Classical Concert with Jacques Thibaud. ★ Jan. 17th. - Golf - Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 21st- 31st. - Opera - Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 21st-25th. - 18th Motor Rally.

★

The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited and all travel agencies

H. P. V. Massey, *with two years' coxing experience behind him, has every chance of occupying his specially made seat in the Oxford lightship for next year's race—provisionally fixed for April the first. Just as the Oxford oarsmen get heavier and heavier, the cox gets lighter: Massey is just over four stone*

Louis Babrow, *the Springbok international, has taken over the secretaryship of Guy's Hospital XV. for this season. He first played, after an injury, against Cambridge*

Keith Geddes, *of Loretto and Caius College, was the first man to be awarded a rugger Blue at either university. He will play full-back for Cambridge at Twickenham next month.*

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 312)

This is the first time he has appeared in the West Country. But it is the eighteenth match he has played for the French International Club; indeed, he has the remarkable record of having represented the club in every match they have had against this country.

At this time of the year many lawn-tennis players turn their attention to squash as a means of keeping fit, though whether we should now regard Miss Susan Noel primarily as a lawn-tennis player or a squash player, I 'm not at all sure.

Miss Noel, at any rate, is taking up squash again seriously this winter. She last won the women's championship, you may remember, in 1934; and she is playing in it again.

What we are all hoping is that she will meet Miss Lumb, who is still in America and has not yet divulged her squash plans. There is very considerable controversy about the relative merits of these two players. Miss Noel seems to have found her best form again and she has never yet dropped a game against Miss Lumb, who holds the championship. There are prospects here, at any rate, of a real needle match.

IN the meanwhile, we are approaching the first England Rugby trial at Manchester, and by now the selectors may have announced their teams. As the season goes on it becomes increasingly difficult to pick the likely players behind the scrummage. I rather expect that the selectors will have decided upon J. L. Giles and H. Kenyon, of Coventry, as worthy of a trial at half-back. And I gather that R. S. L. Carr, the old Cranleighan, a wing three-quarter of exceptional speed, is well in the running. He will be playing for Major Stanley's team against Oxford this afternoon.

ONE more note, about boxing this time. The light-weight position has been somewhat cleared up by the match arranged for December 15th, at Harringay, between Eric Boon and Dave Crowley. This will be for the championship, and it knocks on the head all the rumours about a mystery fight between Boon and Danahar.

Boon is a worthy challenger, but I must say he is rather lucky to have been given this contest. After all, Johnny McGrory beat Crowley decisively a short while ago, and surely has an outstanding claim to meet him for the title.

Perhaps now the Board will decide that a series of title fights is better than one eliminating contest after another among the challengers. I hope, at any rate, that they will insist that the winner defends his championship within a brief period.

A new joint-Master: *Captain R. Fanshawe has taken over the joint-Mastership of the South Oxfordshire with Mrs. A. G. Elliot, succeeding Lieut.-Colonel Harrison. Captain Fanshawe and his wife were photographed at the Great Haseley meet*

Lady Carew *has become a follower of the "Killing Kildares" for the season, on her husband taking over the residence of his uncle, Castletown House, Co. Kildare (Ireland's largest private house). The Kildare hounds are committee-hunted at present*

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Good Time Coming

By Eleanor E. Helme

"BYSTANDER" FIXTURES, 1939

April 18-21	Northern Foursomes at Hesketh.
May 2	One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth.
May 9-12	Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry.
September 12	Girls' International at Stoke Poges.
September 13-15	Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.
October 10-13	Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

There need be no apologies for a fixture-list. It is the crying need of the moment, more urgent even than Christmas presents—which should, of course, include a diary to put them in. Overlapping is the curse of the modern golfing world, and any modest contribution to its cure should be made by all concerned.

In some such exaggerated terms does the mind run after an attempt to digest the *Tentative Calendar of Leading Golfing Events*, 1939, compiled and arranged by the British Golf Unions' Joint Advisory Council in terms of the Agreement with Promoters. To find free weeks may be almost past the ingenuity of man or woman, but at least we may announce quickly our own events, and can then say, "You have been warned!" At Wentworth play will be, as usual, on the East and Centre courses, and the present idea is that the club's open scratch foursomes shall follow immediately after. At Turnberry the foursomes will be on the dearly beloved Ailsa course, now remodelled on championship lines, so that we may not only enjoy sea views, but know ourselves beaten by a better golfer, not by luck, when we lose. Doubtless there will still be some who prefer the Arran, or New, course; judgment must be reserved until after both foursomes and the Scottish Championship have made due test of the Ailsa or Old.

A more immediate fixture is the annual Golf Ball, Grosvenor House, announced for Thursday, December 8, where everyone who is anyone in the golfing world is pretty sure to be found. Whether you consider the fact that the seven predecessors of this ball have raised £6125 for St. Mary's Hospital extension appeal fund, and that the need for more is still urgent, or whether you merely run through the list of attractions—Embassy Band, golfing side-shows, competitions and distribution of valuable gifts during the evening—the net result is the same. Go you must, and the sooner you write to Mrs. A. C. Critchley, Telegraph Cottage, Warren Road, Kingston Hill, for tickets, one guinea each, and to the Banqueting Manager, Grosvenor House, for a table, the better for you and everyone else. A glance down the imposing list of patrons is quite enough to convince you that you will meet any number of friends there, and even the Great Room of Grosvenor House will not seem empty.

The Golf Ball itself, though, can hardly be a more representative golfing gathering than the wedding of Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Mr. John Morrison the other day at All Souls', and afterwards at the Langham Hotel, where another great room was full to overflowing with friends of them both. What an International side, male or female, might have been picked out of the guests, and been complete, moreover, with the Walker Cup captain, for Mr. John Beck was not only there but proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in one of his neatest of speeches. Mrs. Morrison really looked those things that conventionality is apt to label a bride—charming, radiant; they all apply with complete truth. So did the other women golfers decked out in their best, till one was struck all over again with what an amazingly good-looking lot they are. That is a fact which does occasionally become obscure with trousers and what-nots when the weather is bad, however far golfing clothes have advanced since my own young days, and even farther from those of the early players.

The Morrisons are going to live near Odiham, between Farnham and Basingstoke, so that Hampshire is pricking up its ears in pleasurable anticipation. Once the year's residential qualification is completed, Mrs. Morrison should be a very valuable addition to the side, and at last there may be some uncertainty whether Miss Phyllis Wade will win the County's Championship each year.

Counties often seem to go through a lean time, and then emerge triumphant: Hampshire has been steadily working upwards for some years; when 1940 comes—and it is not nearly so far away as it sounds—they may well put a most effective finger in the South-Eastern pie, to the discomfiture of Surrey.

There are only six more weeks of this year, and those who have won three spoons, two spoons, even those who have only won one, in Bystander monthly competitions, would do well to make strenuous efforts to get in a card before November is out, and then another in December, for the destination of the Bystander Yearly Cup is amazingly uncertain this year. Bad cards so often win spoons in the dark, damp days, and it is the number of wins which count. Their quality only comes into the reckoning if there is a tie.

Tennis Players into Golfers—Side-line to the Torquay Tournament

Five of Great Britain's ranked tennis players deserted their game to play in a golf match on the Palace course at Torquay. In this group are Major Tempest, Donald Butler, fourth ranked player, who won the match, Henry Billington, Mrs. Hereward Hammersley (Freda James that was), Mary Hardwick, Rita Jarvis, and Frank Wilde. These tennis stars are so keen on golf they often had to be fetched in off the fairway (or rough) for the covered court tournament for which they went to Torquay

Squash Player into Golfer

Mrs. Sheila McKechnie, England's second rank squash player, has taken up golf seriously and has got her handicap down to 10. She played in the "Bystander" foursomes at Ranelagh (with Mrs. Currie) and reached the fifth round. She has now given up championship squash (she was three times runner-up), but still captains the International Sportsman's Club team

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The party is in full swing and blind-man's-buff is being played. Standing wondering whether he dare move into a safer place is a small boy dressed in a white satin suit trimmed with georgette frilling edged with blue stitching. It is double-breasted with pearl buttons, and costs 39s. 6d. for the first size, which would fit a child of two. The little girl with her eyes blindfolded wears a charming frock in blonde lace mounted on net over a satin slip. It has a short, frilly skirt, and is trimmed with rows of frilling round the neck and armholes. A small bunch of hand-made flowers and a green velvet sash add a pleasing touch of colour. Hiding in the corner is a small girl dressed in pale blue taffeta embroidered here and there with sprigs of flowers. The skirt is full and gathered at the waist, while the puff sleeves are covered with frills of ecru-tinted Valenciennes lace. This frock can also be made in pink and costs 69s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, who designed the other clothes on this page. They specialise in children's fashions and have brought out an illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent free on request

Dover Street Studios

Find Your Feet

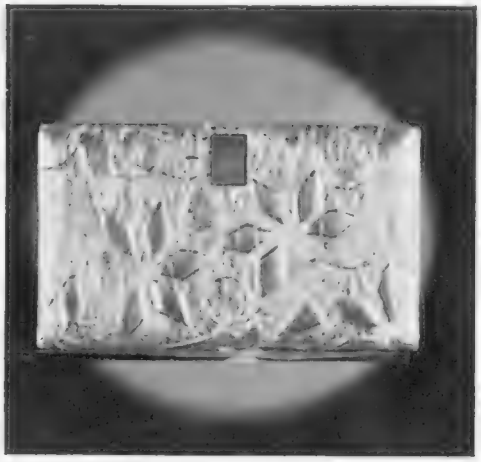
Put your best foot forward and wear this black crêpe sandal with your new evening dress. It is piped with gold kid and has diamond cut-outs on the vamp. Toeless and very much cut away at the sides, it costs 45s. at Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street, and Brompton Road. The high Louis heel is very graceful, and the cross-over strap supports the foot

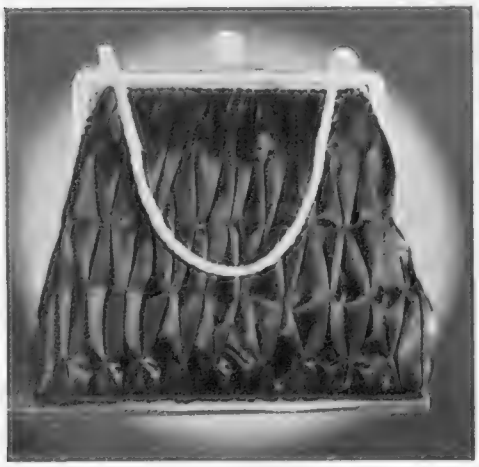
Equally graceful, but with a lower heel, is the toeless sandal above in black satin piped with crêpe. It is very light and flexible for dancing, and only costs 35s. A diamond-shaped motif in gold sequins glitters on the vamp and sparkles as the wearer moves. This shoe, like the others on this page, comes from Dolcis, and is also made in white with silver

These light and airy sandals will make you "feel like a feather in the breeze," as they are delightfully comfortable and very cool. In black satin, with either gold or silver kid strapping, they cost 45s. For people who prefer a covered-in toe, Dolcis are showing a becoming Court shoe in black or white crêpe with a medium heel. It costs 35s. and is cut away at the sides

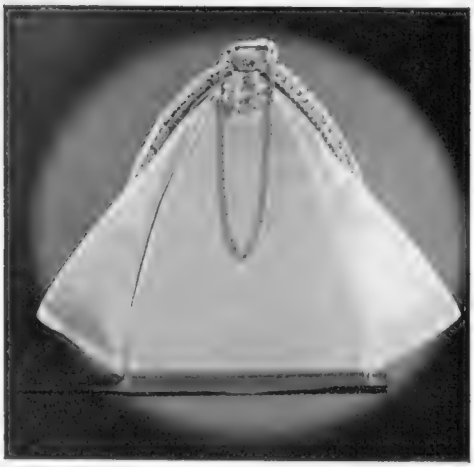
Here is a very smart, as well as practical, dancing sandal worked in alternate strips of gold and silver kid, forming a criss-cross design. It has a strap at the back of the heel. Dolcis also design handbags to go with their shoes, and on the right is their new party bag in blistered kid. It costs 55s., and is obtainable in gold or silver kid

These silver sandals would flatter the largest foot, as they are designed with perfect balance and proportion. Fancy stitching adds a decorative note to the openwork vamp, while cross-over straps give a slender line. Apart from large selection of gold and silver evening shoes, Dolcis are also showing some attractive models in plain white satin. These can be dyed to match any dress and are very smart





Having found the perfect shoe, you must choose the perfect handbag. Dolcis have a large selection to wear with both day and evening shoes. One of their new designs in black shirred satin is shown on the left. It is mounted on a gilt frame with a pearl clasp and costs 45s. On the right is a white handbag with a handsome gilt frame studded with diamanté. It is made of satin and has a small chain handle

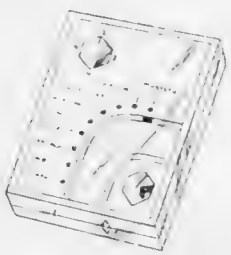


Scott Bushe

The Bystander in search of Things to Buy

"Tru-Vue" news-reel glasses give a foretaste of three-dimensional films. The glasses, together with six reels, cost one pound from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and make ideal bridge prizes or gifts for convalescents

Dunhill's, of Duke Street, Piccadilly, have the powder box shown below. The lid is designed as an appointment diary. A small hand points to general engagements—lunch, coiffure, and so on. In the same shop you will find the cigarette box which masquerades as a wine barrel. A tug at the little man's coat-tails will open the box



Purple lipsticks have arrived at the Tourneur "beauty bar" in Marshall and Snelgrove's. If you are wearing purple—and of course you are — this is the lipstick for you. We found the glass lapel sprays in the china department, priced from 2s. 6d. Our favourites were the apple blossom, and the larger bunches with sweet peas among them

For evening bridge engagements you will like Walpole's, New Bond Street, hand-painted black satin bag (right, 18s. 9d.). The stocking beside the bag, and also the one below, are for bridge wear. It seems a pity to keep them under the table, so we hope to see them at less sedentary functions—a cocktail party, for instance — paired with Walpole's black satin cocktail bag, which is shown below, and costs 21s. 9d.

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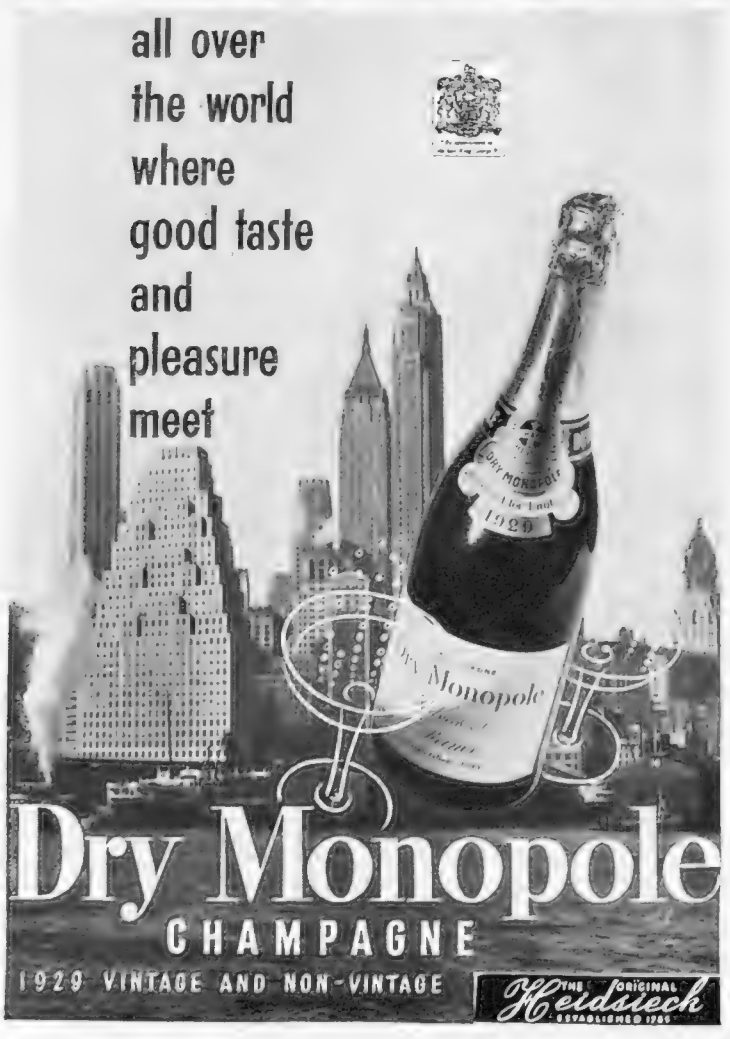

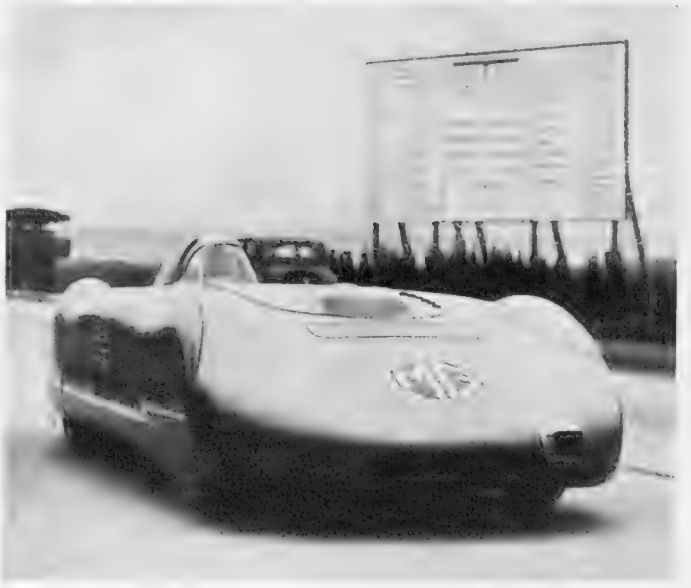

Major Gardner at Speed

Mr. Hess comments in his article on Major Gardner's fine record in an M.G. on the Frankfurt autobahn

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE suggestion I advanced a fortnight ago for a 24-hours sports car race over the motor-cycle T.T. course in the Isle of Man seems to have occasioned quite a stir. George Brown, Editor of the *Isle of Man Times*, and one of the leading lights in all Manx sport, in commenting on the suggestion, says: "I feel sure the Manx people would be delighted to have such a race here . . . provided it took place in June, between the T.T. cycle races and the Bolton Fair. . . . And I think we could put up a sufficiently good case to the legislature to persuade them to look upon it favourably."

The Isle of Man, through its House of Keys, votes a minimum of £5000 each year, out of its taxation, specifically to motor and motor-cycle racing, and in the past other much larger sums have been found in the Island to assist the sport. I am one of those who feel that the Isle of Man has not always been given its full money's-worth in return, for the types of race run have been framed more to minimise difficulties of organisation than to attract visitors. As I see it, a 24-hours sports car race would have an immense popular appeal, for it would enable the man in the street to see cars similar to his own running against each other over a searching course which is a natural, and not an artificial, road circuit.

The only potential entrant with whom I have had the opportunity to discuss the project is Count Lurani, of Scuderia Ambrosiana fame—now, happily, about again after a second leg operation resulting from his having "fallen over" on a corner in practice at the Crystal Palace. When I outlined the scheme for this race, I really thought for a moment that Lurani was about to embrace me! "It is just what is wanted," he cried enthusiastically. "In Italy now, sports car racing is getting much more popular than any other form. If this Isle of Man race is run, I promise three entries—Cortese, Minetti and myself, if I am well enough, and if not, then Villoresi." That, I feel, is encouraging.

THE very heartiest of congratulations to Viscount Nuffield, sponsor, and Major Gardner, driver, of the M.G. which has put up such staggering records on the Frankfurt autobahn. Naturally, I link with these names those of Cecil Kimber of the M.G. Car Company, R. R. Jackson and Reid Railton, all of whom share in the design and constructional credit. The flying kilometre was covered at 186·567 m.p.h., and the flying mile at 186·528 m.p.h.; while the little 12-h.p. car actually attained the incredible speed of 194·386 m.p.h. in one direction!

On a basis of speed-for-size, this achievement stands out from all other motoring records as the finest performance ever, and these 186½-m.p.h. records actually beat all other international record speeds up to cars of nearly three times the power of the M.G. It was indeed a fitting tribute that the British Racing Drivers' Club should have joined Major Gardner with Eyston, Cobb and Seaman as one of the guests of honour at the B.R.D.C. banquet last Friday, and should have awarded him one of the Club's coveted Gold Stars of Merit.

I only hope that this remarkable triumph may have the effect of whetting Viscount Nuffield's enthusiasm for these things, and that perhaps—but there, you know what I mean!

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Photo E. Meerkamper GRISONS/ENGADINE

Peaceful Switzerland

THE LOVELIEST HOLIDAY LAND IN EUROPE IS UNDISTURBED

Everything favours a winter sports holiday in Switzerland this year. Your £ buys around 21 francs — no currency restrictions whatsoever. Instruction can be had inexpensively at the Official Swiss Ski Schools which are to be found at all centres. Hotels to suit every pocket and offering at very reasonable rates the finest value in comfort, service and "Gemuetlichkeit," await you. Hurry with your plans. Find out about the specially reduced fares, the direct rail and air services, the comfortable motor coach connections of the Swiss Post Office, the concessions to motorists, and the many other advantages Switzerland offers.

BERNESE OBERLAND Snow-sure Sports Region. Cheap tickets for Sports Rlys. Adelboden 4450′—Grindelwald 3468′—Gstaad 3450′—Kandersteg 3936′—Lenk 3510′—Mürren 5415′—Wengen 4264′—Zweisimmen 3100′—Eigergletscher 7619′—Griesalp 4934′—Grimmialp 4133′—Gsteig 3700′—Jungfraujoch 11340′—Kleine Scheidegg 6770′—Lauterbrunnen 2615′—Rosenlaui 4364′—Saanenmoser 4173′—Schwarzwaldalp 4650′—Wengernalp 6160′.

GRISONS/ENGADINE Sunny and snow-sure from December to April. Ideal Ski Grounds. Modern Sports Equipment. International Competitions. Cheap Season Tickets for Sports Railways, Ski-lifts, etc. Over 70 centres. Hotels to suit all pockets in : DAVOS (5250′), ST. MORITZ (6000′), AROSA (5900′), PONTRESINA (6000′), KLOSTERS (4000′), LENZERHEIDE (4800′), FLIMS (3620′) and neighbouring mountain districts.

VAUDOIS ALPS & JURA Centres between 3000 and 5000 ft. Sports, railways, etc. Villars-Chesières-Gryon, Les Diablerets, Leysin, Château-d'Oex, Les Mosses, Caux, Les Avants, St. Cergue, Joux Valley, Ste. Croix-Les Rasses.

VALAIS ALPS Sunshine stronghold amidst the Highest Alps. Easy access by the main Simplon line. The choice of centres includes : Morgins, Champéry, Crans, Montana, Leukerbad, Zermatt, Saas Fee.

CENTRAL SWITZERLAND Engelberg/Andermatt/Rigi, 3000′-6000′. Sunny centres with Sports Railways. Direct access by Gothard line.
Southern Gothard Region — Airolo, Bedretto, Ambri-Piotta, Ritom, Rodi.

SUMMER 1939 — See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich, May to October.

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 5 — Carlton House, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

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BDX 509 BDX 506

PROOFED GABARDINE SUIT

BDX. 509. With zip fastening front and pocket. The trousers have elastic at ankles and the seat and knees are lined with waterproof material. In Black or Navy. Bust 34, 36, 38 and 40 ins. **65/9**

One-piece Gabardine Cap and Scarf, in Navy, Black, Red or White - **11/6**

PROOFED SERGE PLUS FOUR SUIT

BDX 506. The coat has adjustable side-straps and the collar is convertible. In Black or Navy. Bust 36ins, 38ins., 40ins. - - - - - - **85/-**

Wool Head-band. In Black, Navy, White, Royal, Red or Green (foreign) 1/6

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B 102. In fine Navy Gabardine. Blouse and Trousers. Unlined Blouse cut on generous lines with snow-proof fronts and pockets. Trousers cut to fall over boots. Partly lined and seat interlined. **65/6**

B 301. With zip fronts - - **70/-**

B 154. Trousers only - - **32/6**

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Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page iv)

QUITE one of the pleasantest things about my job is the fact that every now and then the postman brings me examples of really exquisite printing in the form of publicity matter issued by the few firms which have good taste in these things. An admirable example of this kind of printing lies before me as I write. It is the second edition of Jack Barclay's latest brochure.

On the heavy parchment cover is a delightful pencil sketch of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, while inside are a number of examples of the last word in modern colour photography depicting various facets of Jack Barclay and James Young coachwork on Rolls-Royce and Bentley chassis. The brochures I receive which come unquestionably into the category of works of art are few and far between, but Jack Barclay's brochure certainly is one of them.

THE fact that I had to relinquish the joy of driving Allday's 1903 Mercedes to Brighton in the Veteran Car Race and take his rather more precarious 1900 Panhard instead, was amply compensated by the joy of having George Eyston and Charles Dodson go through on what I have impertinently come to regard as "my" car! As ever, the run (in many cases a euphemism—mechanically!) was tremendously popular with the general public, who lined the road the whole way down, and cheered themselves hoarse! Speaking as a driver (*sic!*), I find their numbers a little embarrassing at times, while drivers of modern cars, whose control is such a simple matter, plainly cannot begin to appreciate the really immense difficulty with which control of some of the veterans is maintained—otherwise they would not close in upon us with such incontinence as we approach.

A Hillman "Fourteen"

This moderately priced but roomy "safety saloon" boasts a high and economic performance

It is, I am sure, easier to ride the proverbial camel through the proverbial eye of the proverbial needle than to steer—for example—a 1900 Panhard through a gap about two feet in width the while you strain every nerve and sinew to keep the cylinder firing!

THE rear-light of a car or motor-cycle is a small thing, yet on it may depend not only the safety of the driver and his passengers, but also that of other road-users. Notwithstanding frequent warnings of a similar nature in the past, there is still to be seen a surprising number of vehicles on the roads, carrying rear-lights which are so dim as to be scarcely visible to overtaking traffic, except at a very short distance. Quite apart from the danger created by the use of such lights, they are often inadequate to illuminate the rear number-plate—in itself a breach of the law.

The R.A.C. suggests that an ineffective rear-light and a poorly illuminated number-plate are often caused by an accumulation of dust on the bulb of the lamp. The blackening of bulbs, too, is a sign that their useful life is at an end, and they should be replaced as soon as possible. The club urges members and other motorists to make sure that the rear-lights on their cars and motor-cycles are kept clean and in good working order, both in the interests of safety and so as to comply with the law.

THE ONLY MAN TO TRAVEL AT 357 M.P.H. ON LAND USED

BP ETHYL

"PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING"

Capt. Eyston's Fuel was a blend of 'BP' Ethyl specially made in England and shipped to America for his use

"CANADIAN CLUB" Whisky

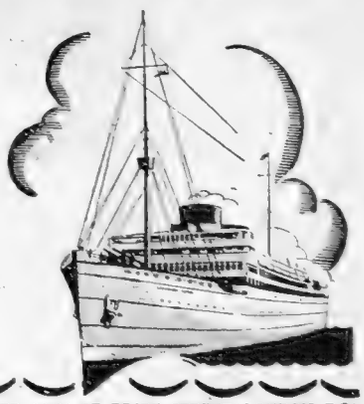
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LTD., 170-3, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. *Distillery*, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. EST. 1858

KLOSTERS—Parsenn (Switzerland).

SPORT HOTEL SILVRETTA

Distinctly Leading. 230 Beds. Social Centre
(2 entire floors devoted to 11 Public Rooms).
2 Bands, Tea-Dance and Dinner-Dance daily.
Gala, Gymkhanas, etc. Swiss Ski-School.
Resident Curling Manager.

An Ideal Gift for a friend Far Away...



For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For £1. 13. 9. our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

Just write to THE PUBLISHER THE BYSTANDER. 32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET. LONDON, E.C4.

Coals of Fire *(Continued from page 303)*

"Oh, take it off," he said lazily. "I want to see your lovely hair."

She winked at him.

"That's why I'm keeping it on," she said, with a frankness that was almost shocking. "My lovely hair is showing a high-water line. I'm going to get it touched up to-morrow. Well, Budge, what about them cocktails you was talking about? I leave my heavy drinking, if any, to this time of day, and I'm beginning to get a thirst."

"Right you are," said Mr. Hooper.

He wished he could make her out. Her line was a new one on him. She was altogether too matter-of-fact. Didn't give him the ghost of an opening.

She followed him to the door of the kitchenette and watched with interest as he started to measure out the cocktail ingredients.

"How do you like them, baby?"

"Oh, stiff—and make a packet while you're about it. Got a drop of absinthe?"

No, he hadn't.

"Well, go easy on the grapefruit, and don't spare the gin. Make enough to go round. I'd fill the pitcher, if I was you."

His flagging hope revived. She sounded like a tanker, although at the Trombone he had never seen her take anything but orange and tomato juice.

Cautiously she inspected her bejewelled wrist-watch and then lit herself a cigarette.

"Gosh, they're going to be good!" she said. "Now we're all set for the party."

He put the pitcher and glasses on a tray and was carrying it in, when, to his acute dismay, the doorbell rang.

Ruby Collins giggled and Mr. Hooper hastily put a finger to his lips.

The only visitors he had these days were duns. A shudder ran over him. What a time for a bill-collector to choose!

"We won't answer it," he hissed.

She began to double up, breathless with mirth.

"Oh, this 'll kill me! I'll die—I know I will!"

"S-sh! I tell you!"

"You better answer it, Budge. I guess it's my surprise what I told you about."

He glared suspiciously at her, and the doorbell rang again.

"What do you mean—your surprise?" he whispered sharply.

"Go on, Budge, open the door, or I will. It's my husband that you've been so nosy about. He promised he'd turn up on the dot of five-thirty, and it's that now."

WELL, of course, there wasn't anything to do but open the door, but Mr. Hooper got in a vicious snarl at Miss Collins before he did it. He couldn't imagine what her game was, but obviously it was a clever one. She had been two licks ahead of him all the time, and he had never tumbled. God, what a fool!

In the pseudo-marble hall stood a little man who no more than came up to Budge Hooper's shoulder—a fair-haired chap with a round, cherubic face enlivened by a merry grin and who thrust out a hand at him.

"H'y'are, Budge? Put it there, old man."

Crikey, it was Chick Conroy!

The little man, who was one of those boys who never grow up, gave the nerve-wrecked Mr. Hooper a poke in his concave waist-line and wanted to know if his wife was here.

And now, at last, the out-of-work saxophonist fathomed the mystery of Ruby Collins' husband.

He was Chick Conroy, the former octet boy, who now had a dance band of his own, just as famous a band as Budge Hooper's had been, if not more so.

You could listen to that band every night at the Rochester and over the radio, and sometimes at one of the big halls. Chick was, in fact, the biggest noise the dance-band world had ever heard or seen, and those in the know said his income from records alone ran into thousands. No wonder his wife wore a mink coat!

WITH a shaking hand, Budge Hooper poured out the cocktails.

"D'ye know, Budge, when Ruby told me she'd located you and seen you was out of work, I got to thinking about old times. Yes, we had plenty good times together in the old days, hadn't we? Red's working with me still, but I guess I gotta pension him off or something. Touch of T.B. Always had a weak chest, if you remember."

Budge nodded, with averted eyes. He wouldn't look at Ruby. He couldn't bear to think how she had seen through his shabby pretences; he couldn't bear to think how much in love with her he had been, and how at the same time he had plotted against her purse. Had she seen through that, too, he wondered? He wanted to shake her off when she clung affectionately to his arm and toasted him with just the merest sip of one of those powerful cocktails.

"That's the stuff—happy days!" said the cherubic Chick. "Now then, what about it, Budge? Let's talk business. I can give you a job if you want one."

This wasn't the moment to hum and haw, nor remind Conroy and Collins that once he himself had been an employer of labour, and that but for him Chick Conroy might never have reached that pinnacle of fame where he now stood with such seeming security.

"Of course he wants a job," said the sympathetic Ruby. "Poor lamb!"

Mr. Hooper swallowed hard.

"Thanks, Chick. I guess I could do with it," he said.

THE END.

To Lawn Tennis Players

NEARLY all lawn tennis players know the "en-tout-cas" hard court, its apt name explaining that it is a court that needs small upkeep and can be played on in frost, drought, and flood. It is enough description to say that "en-tout-cas" courts are used for the British Hard Court Championships and carry the recommendation "by appointment to the King of Sweden."

To all players, therefore, it will be interesting news that the En-Tout-Cas Company, of Leicester, announces, after years of research, the non-pareil court, a resilient green surface which needs no upkeep whatever, and which has already enthusiastic supporters among the nobility, public bodies and sports associations.

An Omission Rectified

On page 213 in our issue of November 9 we published a picture of Schnabel but omitted to acknowledge the photographer: Ilse Bing, of Paris.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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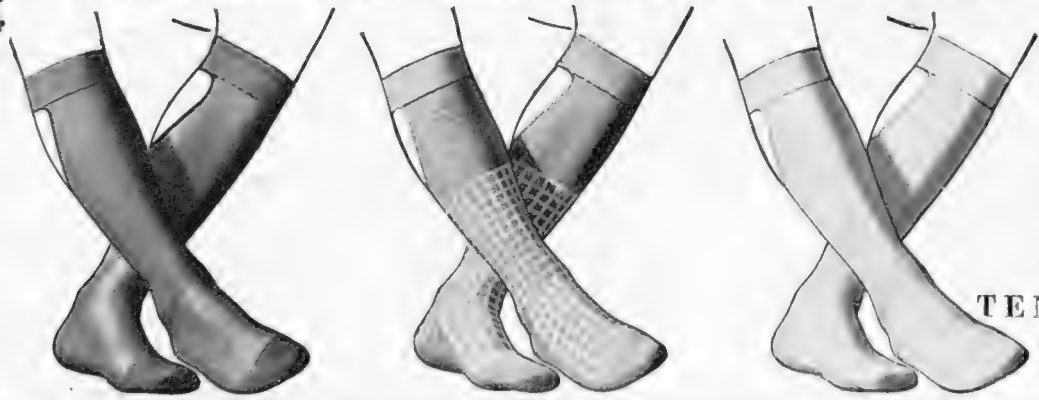
TENOVA SOCKS need no suspenders

BY APPOINTMENT



Tenova socks have a band at the top containing Lastex yarn, which is part of the sock itself. The band holds them up gently but securely. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. Black silk for evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA

self-supporting socks

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Reg. Trade Mark 506265

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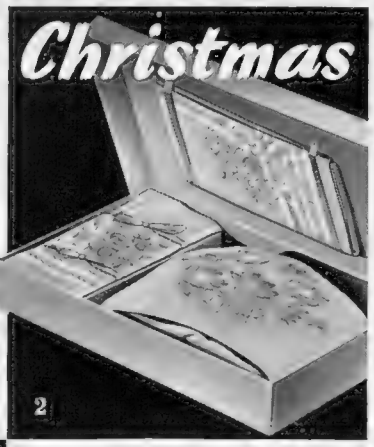
Talking of Christmas

1



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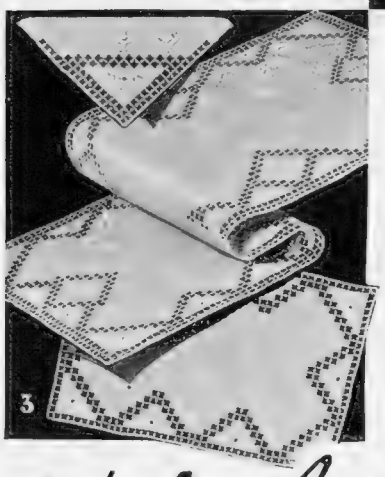

3

B.E.1. Every hostess would welcome this exquisite Luncheon Set, hand-worked in natural-coloured fine Irish linen. Set for 12 covers **75/-**
Napkins to match. Per doz. **42/-**

B.E.2. Brighten the breakfast tray with this charming set, hand-painted in shades of Blue, Pink, or Gold linen and artificial silk Irish damask. Per set **12/11**

B.E.3. Worthy of the finest table this set in natural-coloured Irish linen, beautifully hand-worked
Set for 8 covers with napkins to match **5 gns.**
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Lipsticks BY HÉLÈNE

HÉLÈNE lipsticks are a perfect finish to modern make-up. They're quite indelible slighty moist—to keep lips soft as velvet, and do not peel or "crumble." Choose from eleven lovely, fashionable shades—Nos. 1 (light) to 7 (dark) or exciting "specials"—raspberry, cherry, tomato and No. 23—a vivid scarlet for evening 3/6

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But then Liberty's have the most perfect gifts, so moderate in cost . . .

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Pamela Lindsay-Browne

Is the only child of Capt. L. Lindsay-Browne, M.C., and the late Mrs. M. Lindsay-Browne, of Sydney, Australia; her fiancé is John Hood Bowman, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowman, of Seafield House, Mistley, Essex

Bassano

Iona Stuart Mackay

Is the only daughter of the late J. S. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, of 14, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, and is to marry Lieut. Martin Ernest Lashmore, son of Engineer Rear-Admiral Lashmore, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Lashmore, of 31, Meadway Court, N.W.11

Yevonde

Sheila Bedworth

Is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. C. Bedworth, of Whitelea, Bovingdon, Herts.; she announced her engagement last month to Brian Noble, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Noble, of Higher Trapp, Simonstone, Padiham, Lancashire

Bassano

Peggy Vianest

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Vianest, of Amarah, Old Frensham Road, Lower Bourne, and Calcutta; she is engaged to Capt. John Francis Wilson, only son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. F. A. Wilson, of The Beeches, Lower Bourne, Surrey

Lenare

Nora Percy

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Percy, of Maloya, Maccarthy Road, Colombo, Ceylon; her wedding will take place in January to Basil Radcliffe, youngest son of Sir Joseph and Lady Radcliffe, of Rudding Park, Harrogate

Lenare

Joan Gladys Hutchinson

Is the daughter of the late Admiral John de Mestre Hutchinson, C.M.G., C.V.O., of Villa Yealmpton, S. Brent, Devon; she is to marry Charles Sydenham Blundell, son of Col. C. W. Blundell, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Blundell, of Lexden, Hartley Avenue, Plymouth

Bassano

Nancy Heald

Is the eldest daughter of Dr. C. B. Heald, C.B.E., F.R.C.P., and Mrs. Heald, of 3, Canon Place, Hampstead; her fiancé is Vincent Charles Fairfax, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, of Sydney, Australia

Brinkley, Glasgow

Janie Kerr

Is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. James Kerr, of Invery, Banchory, Kincardineshire, and is engaged to Flying Officer Philip Campbell Pinkham, R.A.F., eldest son of Mrs and Mrs. P. J. Pinkham, of Kingsbury, Middlesex

Russell, Southsea

Noël Murray

Is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. Eric Murray, O.B.E., and Mrs. Murray, of 43, Nassau Road, S.W.13; she is engaged to Surgeon Lt.-Comdr. Louis John Corbett, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Edward Corbett, of Exeter

Kinsey, New Delhi

Ray Lawrence

Is the daughter of Mr. Bernard Lawrence, M.Inst.C.E., and Mrs. Lawrence, of 103, Dudley Court, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1; she is engaged to Capt. Terence Mainprise-King, 3rd/2nd Punjabi Regt., son of the late Claude King, and Mrs. King. The marriage will take place in New Delhi on February 11th

Pearl Freeman

Joan Bonnycastle

Is the younger daughter of His Honour Judge Bonnycastle and Mrs. Bonnycastle, of Winnipeg, and 3, Bulstrode Street, W.1; she is engaged to Capt. Henry Rodney de Boussiere Greenwood, R.E., son of the late Col. H. S. Greenwood and Mrs. Greenwood, of Canada

Navana

Audrey Isobel Dick

Is the twin daughter of Major and Mrs. W. H. Dick, of Low Gosforth House, Gosforth, Northumberland; her fiancé is William Michael Robson, elder son of Col. the Hon. Harold Robson, of Witley, Surrey, and Mrs. J. W. Shephard, of Glovers, Charlwood, Surrey

("Getting Married" is continued on page D)

AN UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING XMAS GIFT

THE "QUEEN MARY"

Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of some of the greatest and most famous ships in the British Navy, and many world renowned liners. The models are electrically propelled. Details of R.M.S. *Queen Mary* are:— Overall length 34 ins. Price, including packing, £3.3.0. Carriage inland 1 6 each. Abroad 5 9 each South Africa 8 3 each.

H.M.S. "NELSON"

This wonderful model is now available. A powerful electric motor is fitted, and when you are unable to use your ship on the water, you can manœuvre it by hand, using mobile trolleys which can be supplied at an extra cost of 2/-. The model floats perfectly and is a built-to-scale model of one of Great Britain's most mighty battleships. Details are:— Overall length 26 ins. Price £1.15.0. Carriage Inland 1 6 each. Abroad 4- each; South Africa 5 9 each.

Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags by which inter-communication between ships is possible.

Orders with remittance should be sent to Dept. B. 27.

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A Nottingham reader writes:

". . . In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about . . . . . is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

THE SPHERE

is world renowned for its sound comment on current affairs . . . its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS
EVERY FRIDAY

Vogue in Velvet

Hauntingly romantic and appealing . . . . elegant and truly feminine, this crinoline evening coat covers the fullest gown. Pliable hooped skirt and wide draped sleeves. Black, wine, purple, blue 10½ Gns.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE QUEEN.

LOOK well at this new Emile Coiffure. Take note of it, and then reflect on the possibilities it holds for you. There is one thing quite certain about it: this coiffure is not something which will be seen to-day, and forgotten tomorrow, it will live in the future, and in its many revivals, it will be quoted as belonging to the twentieth century period, when Emile, the great Court hairdresser, led the World's hairdressing fashions from his famous establishment in Conduit Street. Call, 'phone or write for an appointment with Emile to-day.

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'Phone: Mayfair 6263.
'Grams: Ondulateur, Piccy, London.

Bassano

Hope Sharpe

Is the only daughter of Colonel G. W. Sharpe, O.B.E., and Mrs. Sharpe, of Halton, Lancs., and is to marry Christopher Gilbert Ford, youngest son of the late Very Rev. Lionel Ford, Dean of York, and Mrs. Ford, of The Cloisters, Windsor Castle

Vandyk

Auriel Margaret Noble

Is engaged to Dr. Ronald Brodie Heisch, elder son of the late J. W. Heisch, and Mrs. Heisch, of 6, St. Anne's Road, Eastbourne; she is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. C. W. Noble, of Glasgow, Agrapatnas, Ceylon

Lenare

Jean Ann Dorothy Coates

Is the only daughter of Sir William Coates, Bt., and Lady Coates, of Thornfield, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim; she will be married on December 7th, at Carrickfergus, to Thomas Roland Lecky Sinclair, only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. D. L. Sinclair, of Beechleigh, Windsor Park, Belfast

A CORRECTION

On November 9th we published a picture over an announcement of the engagement of Mr. Geoffrey Whitaker and Miss Margaret Turner. This wedding had already taken place on September 30th, owing to the international crisis

Emerson — Keane

Donald Godfrey Emerson and Madeline Lucy Keane were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. He is the only son of Major-General and Mrs. H. H. A. Emerson, and she is the youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Keane, of 107, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

Kinnersley — Burnett

Captain Thomas Kinnersley, Duke of Cornwall's L.I., son of the late Dr. G. E. Kinnersley, and Mrs. Kinnersley, of Calais, Guernsey, and Jean Furneaux Burnett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Burnett, of West Wellow, Hants., were married at St. Margaret's, Wellow

Harris — Swift

Capt. Kenneth Passmore Harris, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late A. W. Harris, and Mrs. Harris, of Barton, Abinger Hammer, Surrey, and Eileen Inez Swift, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Swift, of Selsfield Place, East Grinstead, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Fulton — Preston

Captain Ian Noel Fulton, R.A.M.C., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. A. Fulton, of 17, Gilston Road, S.W., and Deborah Susan Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Preston, of 53, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, were married at Brompton Oratory

Holloway — Wyatt

Captain Reginald Edward Holloway, Royal Engineers, eldest son of the late Major-Gen. B. Holloway, and Mrs. Holloway, of Vancouver, B.C., was married at Chelsea Old Church to Janet Staveley Wyatt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wyatt, of 63, Oakwood Court, W.8

Montgomery — Higgins

Captain Hugh Edward Montgomery, Ox. and Bucks. L.I., only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, of the Manor House, Chilcombe, Hants., and Anne Higgins, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. G. Higgins, of Badbury Hill, Faringdon, Berks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

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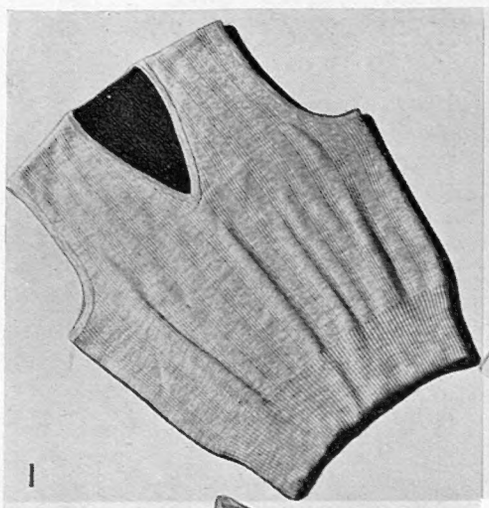

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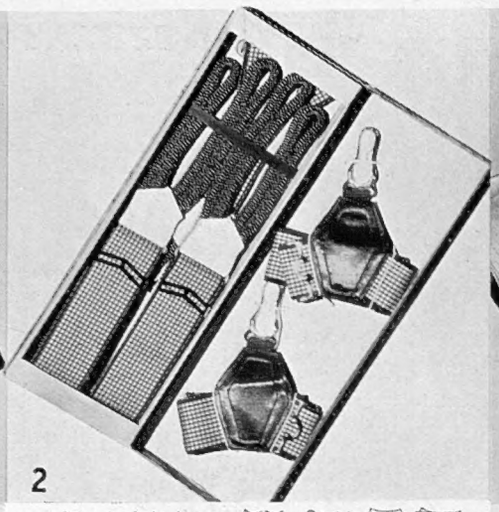

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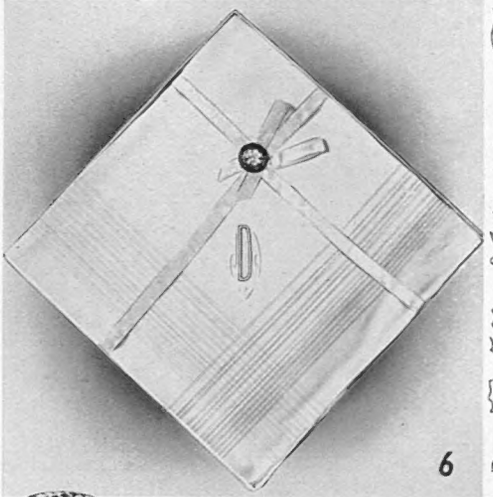

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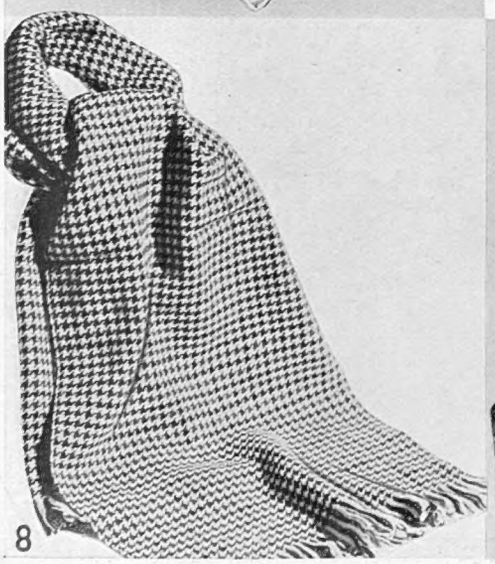

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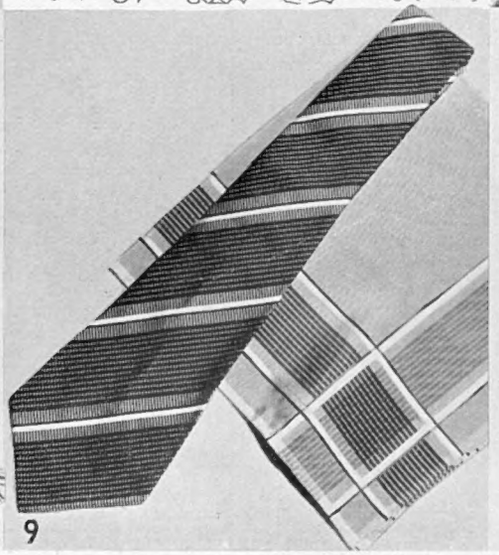

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